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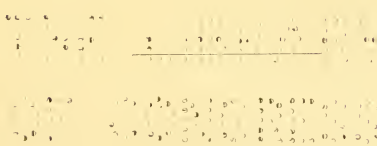
Book 564

A WANDERER'S JOURNAL

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BY

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PRIVATELY PRINTED
NEW YORK
1889

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A WANDERER'S JOURNAL

Dec. 1, 1885.—Started from Duncan City, Cheboygan Co., Mich., in company with my sister and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Macdonough), their son, a boy of fourteen, and daughter, a baby of seventeen months, for Detroit, Mich., by the Michigan Central. We had to change cars once. The weather was snowy and cold ; but the dear baby only laughed, instead of crying, when waiting in the station, or on the platform, and did not seem at all frightened at the whistle, or the bustling around her. We arrived in the city late in the evening, and took rooms at the Biddle House, on Jefferson avenue, which we had heard was fitted up, in elegant style.—Alas, the disappointment ! The furniture had been oiled with fish-oil, and so disagreeable was the odor, that there was no thought of staying there. We were very glad to change to the Brunswick, on the following day, where we were more comfortable ; although my room was very cold, I was glad to escape from the more cheerful atmosphere of our first lodging.

Dec. 7th.—We started for Washington, via Buffalo, N. Y., where we stayed all night, at the Tift House. Here we stopped in 1883, with father, on our way from the sea-shore. I amused myself part of the time, by watching the people passing, in sleighs, and on foot, through the falling snow, there being good sleighing. In going we crossed the new bridge over the Niagara river. The bells on the horses sounded so much like cow-bells that we were quite merry as we drove through the streets from the hotel.

Dec. 8th.—We rode in a sleigh to the station of the Erie railroad, which we took as far as Elmira, N. Y., where we changed for the Lehigh Valley railroad. The Pullman cars are commodious, but sleeping for me being almost an impossibility in a car, I peered nearly all night into the darkness; and could sometimes see the steep inclines, down which the cars sped with an unsteady motion, that impelled me to offer little petitions for safety.

Dec. 9th.—In Washington at about 9 o'clock A.M., in a sprinkle of rain, which increased to a downpour, after we had reached the Ebbitt, in a closed carriage. We took breakfast, rested and bathed, and went down to a five o'clock dinner. Mr. Macdonough and his son Thompson went out to look for rooms.

Dec. 10th.—From the windows of our parlor there is a view of the Washington Monument, which is square in

form, tapering to a point like an obelisk. It is built of blocks of marble, of different kinds, from different countries. We can also see the gardens of the Smithsonian Institute, the Potomac river and the heights on the other side. To-day there are little gleams of sunshine. At the station we saw the silver star, marking the spot where Garfield was shot. Yet people walked over it, as though the spot were common, ignoring or not knowing the fact that sacred blood was there spilled. There is a memorial of marble on the wall, with a box under it to hold offerings for a charitable institution.

Just a year ago, on the 9th, our dear father died in slow agony; and we wished that he might have been spared the suffering that he endured. If I could have come here in my youth with father and mother, I would have much enjoyed the trip. But now all seems sad without them. If my sister and her family are improved in health, it will be well, even if I am not better. It is, after all, difficult to procure the comforts of home in traveling especially if one is not strong. We can see a red brick building looking brilliant in the evening with its many lights.

Dec. 11th.—Changed to Mrs. Bunker's, 623 Pennsylvania avenue, where we took rooms for a week, and had the odd, but quite disagreeable experience of having meals brought from across the street and served in our rooms. This experience would have been rather funny, if it had not been for the care and annoyance caused by having a table of viands in the rooms in which we

slept. We were amused by the various modes of conveyance quite new to me, of course. The hansoms, drawn by one horse, with the driver behind, with two wheels, and room for two people, with doors half glass to be opened or shut at pleasure; the herdic cab, also with two wheels, the doors behind, seats each side, with windows all around, the square box as it appeared, the driver sitting in front, this also drawn by one horse; and herdic coaches, with one horse, and seats on the side, holding each about six or eight people; fare five cents. The air in them is very close, as they are generally packed with passengers. There are five-cent cars, two horses; and three cent-cars, drawn by one horse.

Dec. 13th. Sunday.—A rainy day. Sister Allie's dear little baby ill.

Dec. 14th. Monday.—Another damp day: but no one seems to mind it, although both coachmen and horses have to be fully protected by oilcloth coats and coverings.

Dec. 15th. Tuesday.—Invited by Mrs. Bunker. I went with her in a herdic coach to the Capitol, where we walked through one hall, looking at the side halls, decorated with paintings of birds and flowers, landscapes, and heads of celebrated men. On the wall to the right as we entered is a picture of Fulton and the Hudson river before him, beautified by his first steamer.

Dec. 16th. Wednesday.—Changed rooms to 1410 Pennsylvania avenue, kept by a German who has a café and dining-room on the first floor. The rooms are very bright and nattily furnished, and there is a French touch about them, evidently having been beautified with taste rather than expense. The floors have carpets, arranged as rugs in the center: the woodwork between the carpets and wall being oiled. The doors, door trimmings and baseboards are also finished in light colored oak, which gives a very bright appearance to the rooms. This avenue presents a very busy aspect all of the week, as well as Sundays, with the constant tramp of the horses' feet. There are so many kinds of carriages, cabs, coaches, five-cent and three-cent cars, private carriages, some with coachmen and footmen, single carriages, dog carts, ladies driving their own little carts, buggies, hacks, hotel omnibuses, coupes, express teams, hay wagons, some drawn by four horses, some by five—driver riding on one horse—that there never seems to be any cessation until past midnight.

Friday, Dec. 18th.—Mr. Macdonough, Thompson and I went to the Capitol in a herdic coach. I think that these herdic coaches are rather airless and stifling, though convenient, as they are driven to the sidewalk, thus avoiding the necessity of crossing the street. I enjoyed looking at the fine paintings, in the rotunda of the Capitol, the faces being lifelike and earnest, especially in the “Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Holland.” Of the statues, I admired that of Garfield, and particu-

larly that of Fulton, holding in his hand the model of his first steamboat. His face is fine and intellectual. I did not like quite as well the statue of Lafayette. The statue of Governor Winthrop is especially grand, and where the frilled and lace shirt bosoms are worn, the representation is perfect. There is also hanging on the wall a fine painting of Garfield : particularly impressive are the faces in these pictures. In the first, Lincoln and his cabinet: every face expresses earnestness, character of high type is stamped on every feature, nobility of soul, of purpose looks forth from every eye. "Westward Ho" stamps indelibly on the mind the figures of the eager hopeful seekers for new homes, with their faces turned ever toward the goal where they expect to reap the reward of their struggles in abundant harvests and happy homes.

Dec. 19th. Saturday.—Thompson Macdonough and I rode in the five-cent cars to Georgetown and return. Saw a house there built of old-time brick. We looked into the canal ; and saw a little of the Potomac, with the hills in the distance.

Dec. 20th. Sunday.—Walked in the afternoon as far as the Treasury-grounds, again enjoying a glimpse of the distant hills, though the walk was rather lonely.

Dec. 21st. Monday.—Went with Mr. Macdonough and Thompson to the Capitol. Sat for a few minutes in the House of Representatives. We wandered through

the halls, and saw and admired the painting of "Lincoln Signing the Emancipation Proclamation" in the midst of his cabinet. Also "Westward Ho" and beneath it, the "Golden Gate" by Bierstadt. Came down the stone steps in front of the Capitol, looking with pleasure at the statuary and enjoying the fresh air.

Dec. 22d. Tuesday.—Went with Thompson Macdonough to the shops, to buy some dollies for my niece-baby.

Dec. 23d. Wednesday.—Walked quite a long way. I do not think the shops prettier than in Detroit, though they are decorated with every care for Christmas, and full of toys of all kinds, and pretty confections. A chair made of candy was quite unique. There were, also, baskets made of pink and white candy. We stopped near the Centre Market, to see some English holly. The colored people had it for sale, as also letters and wreaths made of white moss—resembling that which is found clinging to fir trees on the shores of the Northern lakes—with leaves, and holly berries, and the red berries of a shrub which the colored people called spice-bush, which looks like a shrub that grows in the swamps of Michigan.

Friday, 25th Dec.—Our Christmas spent very quietly. Thompson Macdonough arranged a Santa Claus display of a few toys and tops, for Baby Mary May, on a bureau wreathed with green. We also put some branches

of holly in the vases on the parlor mantel, and my nephew gave me a green wreath which I hung on my bureau.

December 30, 1886.—Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, Thompson and I visited the National Museum. We saw a suit of clothes that had been worn by Washington, two sets of dishes—blue delf and china; some glassware, some old chests, some knives and forks, with peculiar metal handles; the old chair in which he last sat; his camp equipments—memorials that speak of close economical appointments in many ways, and of splendor and good living in other respects. There were two old portraits of General and Mrs. Washington. The statue of Washington and the Indian group were very lifelike. The great palms, surrounding the gold-fish pond, seemed a refreshing sight in the midst of so many old relics. The animals needed a much longer time to admire the beauty of some, and to wonder at the hideousness of others. I would have liked to stay longer among the minerals and boats, the former so beautiful; the latter so curious, especially the lifeboats, and the various canoes and boats of different tribes, and of different stations. We glanced at the medals, and the letters of eminent men, and the jewels. The models of towns belonging to ancient tribes found in Arizona evince skill, and the mound builders, found in North Carolina, are wonderful. I must not forget to mention the aerolites, and the elegant specimens of marble, at which we glanced with a wish that one could return to

give more time to an exhibit in which there is so much to see, so much useful information, so many of the wonders of the earth, and so much human skill displayed. We glanced at the great variety of musical instruments, and left the building, not having any more strength or time, but glad that we had the opportunity of seeing so much of the curious and beautiful.

The huts of the ancient tribes were oval in form—a grey mud color—and appeared like clay mounds.

On Jan. 1st.—Mother's birthday. I placed some flowers near father's and mother's pictures. My sister Allie, Mrs. Macdonough, gave me a bunch of violets. New Year's day was bright and warm. From my window I watched the procession going to call on the President.

Jan. 8th.—Thompson Macdonough and I took a ride in the street cars around the city for five cents, which we thought a very cheap excursion.

Saturday, 9th.—Took a short walk A.M. Very cold weather with snow and sleighing. The reports are of terrible cold all over the country, even far South. In Manitoba, N. W., from 50° to 64° minus.

Sunday, Jan. 10th.—Thompson Macdonough and I went to St. John's Church. It is a quaint old church of historic association on account of several presidents having belonged to it.

Jan. 11th. Monday.—Mrs. Macdonough and I went to G street, to order some work at the Industrial school kept by the Sisters of Charity (Roman Catholic), who in their pretty bluish-grey dresses and white bonnets with large capes, rosary and crosses at their side, and with their agreeable manners, are very interesting, and quite win one's admiration.

Jan. 12th. Tuesday, P.M.—I took a short walk, and rode in the three-cent cars to Eighteenth street and return. From three P.M. to nine o'clock in the evening, there was what was termed a carnival, which was simply a rallying of sleighs and cutters of various kinds; and their occupants put the horses to all the speed they dare for sleigh rides, and to use the snow while it lasted. There were one or two comic features, one an advertisement in the form of a board house covered with paper, another, a common sled, with men and women in masques and grotesque costumes, as a woman fanning herself in derision, a man playing a musical instrument. I think the Carnival was only a name for enjoying the sleighing while the snow lasted. Policemen, tall and stalwart, moderated the speed of the revellers, and saw that pedestrians were not knocked down—a wise precaution—for when cars, herdies, hansom, cabs, sleighs, double and single, are all being driven at full speed, though the streets are broad, crossing becomes dangerous especially to ladies.

Jan. 13th. Wednesday P.M.—Mr. Macdonough went with me to the Botanical Gardens. The ferns are very

beautiful. I admired them more than any of the strange and varied products of all countries. I saw banana trees growing, with their clusters of fruit—not yet ripe. The orchids were very odd. Many were grotesque in form. Some of the blossoms, of which there were few, were beautiful. The gardener told us that blooms were not left long ungathered.

Jan. 14th. Thursday.—Took a short walk. We have had very cold, clear weather. The temperature has risen a little, though yet rather low; and the sleighing is not yet used, though it is now nearly a week since the snow storm.

Jan. 15th. Friday.—We, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough and I went to G street by herdic, down Pennsylvania avenue to the stores, where we made a few purchases, looked into the store windows, and home again to our apartments.

Jan. 16th. Saturday.—Mr. Macdonough went with me to the State, War and Navy Departments, where we saw in the library, the renowned Senator Evarts. He is quite a small man. We saw the original Declaration of Independence and the desk on which it was written. The names of the signers are nearly obliterated. We also saw a sword that belonged to Washington, the silver urn presented to General Hull, and a missile sent by the French government to the United States, as a memorial of the French Commune.

Jan. 17th. Sunday.—A very quiet day; I tried a walk, but the frozen rain and ice on the pavements rendered walking dangerous.

Jan. 18th. Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, Thompson and I went across to Union Town, in Virginia, and took Madame Fleischman, our landlady, with us. We took the five-cent Pennsylvania avenue cars to the Navy Yard. From there a three-cent car carried us across the east branch of the Potomac. There are some pretty houses on the top of the hills. On an extreme height is a lunatic asylum, to which we did not go. At the foot of the hill is a characteristic store kept by colored people. We saw in the water the Monitor, celebrated in the war with the Southern States.

Jan. 20th. Wednesday.—Mrs. Macdonough and I and Thompson went to the industrial school to see about some work.

Jan. 22d. Friday.—Thompson Macdonough and I went in a herdie coach up to Fifteenth st., to New York avenue, up New York avenue to H st., and returned the same way. The street is quite pretty, lined with trees on either side, forming in summer a leafy bower.

Jan. 23d. Saturday.—Took a ride in a herdie cab, around the Capitol and White House.

Jan. 24th. Sunday.—Mr. Macdonough and I went to the First Congregational Church on the corner of G and Tenth streets, and heard a very good sermon on

faith in God and trust in man. "In all our lives, in all we do, we walk by faith," said the speaker, "and as the little child, learning to walk, has faith that it will be helped by its mother's outstretched arms, so we must walk trusting to the help from God, which will be held out to us, in our efforts to do right." The text was Hebrews, 11th chapter, 1st verse. The church is large, built of brick. It has a fine organ and good music.

Jan. 25th. Monday.—A rainy, misty day; but in the afternoon, I went in the car to a store on Pennsylvania avenue, where views are sold, and bought two dozen for three dollars.

Jan. 26th. Tuesday.—My sister and I went to G street, then to Pennsylvania avenue. The afternoon was bright, mild and sunny, and my sister's baby who was with us, in her nurse's arms, was as bright as the day.

Jan. 28th. Thursday.—Went to a store, and bought some more Washington views.

Jan. 30th. Saturday.—Bright P. M. when I went alone, down Pennsylvania avenue, in street car; looked into some stores, made some purchases, and returned.

Jan. 31st. Sunday.—Mr. Macdonough and I went to the First Congregational Church, and heard a sermon on peace, by a brother of Gen. Howard.

Feb. 5th. Friday.—Bitterly cold, with snow on the ground. I went in a three-cent car up Pennsylvania

avenue to a book-store, where I bought some paper and a book for Mary May Macdonough my little niece, and returned in a herdie coach. Was a little nervous, not being accustomed to going in the street alone.

Feb. 8th. Monday.—Went to G street, and down Pennsylvania avenue. I lost my way a little, and had to walk in the slushy snow for quite a distance. The newspapers talk of the danger of a flood, from the breaking up of the ice in the river.

Feb. 14th. Sunday.—Valentine's day. Weather all day very warm and bright. In the evening, I went with Mr. Macdonough to the Congregational Church, and heard an excellent sermon and beautiful music and singing. The organ is played by a blind professor, and their choir sang in perfect accord. The discourse was arranged to show that capabilities for evil were equally capabilities for good if rightly used.

Feb. 15th. Monday.—In the afternoon, I went down Pennsylvania avenue in a herdie coach, after having been to G street. Met my sister, who had gone with her baby and nurse Annie, who wheeled the baby carriage. I went into some shops, and came home in time to escape a rain storm, and to see Mrs. Bunker, in whose rooms we boarded for a short time, and who was very kind to us

Feb. 16th. Tuesday.—Much cooler, even cold, from which we suffered a little ; for we had packed our furs A.M. My nephew persuaded me to go to the bird store

with him. We saw there some very fine birds. Among them was a cardinal bird which reminded me of a pet bird of the same kind which we once possessed, and in whose pretty dainty ways, bright coloring, and warbling melody, in early Spring, we delighted. By taking lunch and dinner down stairs, I again succeeded in going down Pennsylvania avenue shopping.

Feb. 17th.—I went with Mr. Macdonough to see the White House. We were shown into the great East Room where large receptions are held. There is quite a pretty view from the windows over the grounds, and the river and hills beyond in Virginia. The true ornament of the room is, I think, the portrait of Martha Washington. She is standing, and is lovely of countenance, and stately in a dress of white silk or satin slightly trained over a petticoat of some material red in color. Then we were shown a kind of hall, where were hung portraits of Lincoln, Garfield, and several presidents. The Green Room, the Blue Room, furnished in blue and gilt, where are the portraits of President Arthur, Mrs. Hayes, wife of President Hayes, Mrs. Tyler, wife of President Tyler—dressed as a bride—and Mrs. Taylor, another president's wife. On the mantel is a gilt clock, presented by Lafayette to Washington, and some very old furniture brought from seclusion by President Arthur and placed here. The Red Room, the family parlor, is a cosy room. The usher very kindly showed us through the conservatory, where we saw azaleas, hyacinths and cinerarias in very

beautiful bloom. There was, also, an orchid ; one part of the flower had the form of a nun.

Feb. 18th. Thursday.—Went to hear some ladies speak at a Woman's Rights' Convention. Saw and heard Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Mary Eastman, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Sewel, and others. Was quite surprised and pleased at the appearance of Miss Anthony, who, instead of being tall, angular, and uncouth, as I supposed, is rather small, and very ladylike. The convention was held at the Universalist church, on the corner of Thirteenth street and L. We took the car to New York avenue, where we had an exchange to Fourteenth street, and walked about half a block.

Feb. 19th. Friday.—Went in the street car to the optician's.

Feb. 22d. Washington's Birthday.—We started for Jacksonville, Florida, passing, after leaving North Carolina, through a very swampy country, settled apparently almost altogether by colored people, some very poor, in houses and huts thatched, the chimneys being on the outside some of the dwellings built of sand or clay, in a framework of wood. There were some settlements, where houses were new, well built, and whitewashed, the land cleared and cattle grazing in the enclosures, although it hardly seemed as if, in some places, there could be verdure enough for food. There seemed to be unlimited tracts of red pine of small growth, which was

being cut into piles of wood for burning. We also saw several saw-mills.

Tuesday, 23d.—We arrived in Jacksonville about noon, tired and dusty, and took the omnibus to the Hotel Everett.

Wednesday, Feb. 24th.—A little warmer, though we do not find the weather uncomfortable. The leaves and fruit of the orange trees have been blighted by the winter's extreme and, as we are told, unusual cold and frost; therefore we cannot see the white blossoms, which we hoped to see adorning the trees in beauty.

Friday, Feb. 26th.—I walked on the broad piazza a few moments, listened to some fine singing in the large parlor—my sister's baby enjoying, also, the music. Especially good was the sweet old song "Kathleen Mavourneen." In the evening heard a band play some fine selections.

Saturday, Feb. 27th.—Moved into rooms on the fourth floor, with a fine view of the river and the country around Jacksonville.

Tuesday, March 2d.—Clear and sunny. Took a ride in the street cars drawn by mules, with colored driver. We saw peach trees in bloom, and wild clematis, yellow in color of blossoms about an inch in length, half an inch width, tapering like a morning glory, and funnel shaped.

Thursday, March 4th.—Sunshine early, A.M. cloudy. The rest of the day rainy. Mr. Macdonough and his son Thompson have taken a trip to Green Cove.

Saturday, March 6th.—Trees budding—took a short walk.

Sunday, March 7th.—Mr. Macdonough, my brother-in-law, went with me to a pretty church built of wood, small and neat. We learned that the money for its erection was contributed by a wealthy grocer, who devoted much of his time and money toward supporting it. After the services, we walked a little while waiting for the cars, and saw peach trees in bloom, roses in bud, and yellow jasmine which, we are told, is poisonous, if brought near the mouth, though ladies at the hotel come in with large sprays of it on their dresses, as corsage bouquets.

Thursday, March 11th.—Mr. Macdonough and his son Thompson have gone to Enterprise, which is about half a day's journey from Jacksonville.

Saturday, March 13th.—I took a walk to see some Florida curiosities. The alligators did not appear to me so disgusting as I had thought; and the wild cat looked like a beautiful pussy of greyish brown color. I think that the custom of teasing animals in captivity—as punching the alligator, as it lay in a tank of water, to hear it roar—is wrong, and only increases the wildness and ferocity of their nature.

Thursday, March 18th.—Walked around by the St. James Hotel to a curiosity shop, and bought some trifles. Very, very tired!

Friday, March 19th.—Took a long drive through some streets in Jacksonville and suburbs. We saw some very pretty residences with grounds by the river side. The localities were named Riverside, Brooklyn, Lavilla. The woods are beginning to put on their Spring garb. Thompson Macdonough gathered some dogwood blossoms, which are much larger than at the North. My sister took her baby; and the child's delight was delightful to see and hear. The magnolia leaves looked very pretty and green; and the grey moss hanging from the trees had a very weird effect. Were it not for the tropical foliage, here and there, one would fancy this to be a northern wood. The road led to the river St. John, where was a pebbly beach. In coming home, we went to see the Jacksonville water-works. The water flows from a sulphur spring, is purified by the exposure to the air, and then conveyed in pipes to supply the town.

Monday, March 22d.—We all took a long drive in the suburbs of Jacksonville. We passed a grove of orange trees, just budding into leaf, and returned home with some curious yellow flowers. The odor of the Florida flowers is rather oppressive to those unaccustomed to the heavy perfume. Some of the woods seemed rich in luxuriant trees and vines. Then would occur a waste of pine woods, barren and lonely. The driver pulled some of the grey moss from the trees, when, behold, a tiny snake was curled up in it. Then we secured another piece, which was lost by the

motion of the wagon; so that, after all, I was indebted to a flower-girl for a bunch of the odd grey streamer to take home.

Tuesday, March 23d. P.M.—Went to Pablo Beach. It is a beautiful stretch of sand, white and firm. My sister took her baby, who, seated on her father's coat, which was spread on the sand, made a pretty picture in her white dress and cap, laughing and playing with the sand and shells, some of which we also gathered as we roamed on the beach. Quite an odd, but commodious hotel was being built on the bluff above the beach. An eccentric officer, General Spinner, and family were living in a tent near the hotel.

Wednesday, March 24th.—Took a short ride on the street cars, and a walk.

Thursday, March 25th.—Warm and bright. Went to the Florida Floral Exhibit. I was quite interested in the fruit and flowers. There were pansies, iris blooms, the lilies of the country, camellias and violets, all having blossomed in the open air.

Friday, March 26th.—Made some purchases at the Palmetto store, which is a short distance from the hotel, and to which I walked. A beautiful Indian woman sells pretty work, and a white woman sells various baskets and hats made of palmetto strips, a bunch of which I bought as a curiosity.

Saturday, March 27th.—Warm. Walked a short distance, and went in a street car toward the wood by the river side.

Tuesday, March 30th.—Clear, cooler, high winds. Thunder and lightning at night.

Thursday, April 1st.—Cold and clear. Wisteria in bloom.

Saturday, April 3d.—I took a walk to the shell store. Such a pretty store! The shells are brought principally from the Bahamas. There were lovely designs in sprays of flowers and leaves, made of shells and fish-scales, as brooches and lace pins.

Sunday, April 4th.—Walked to the Methodist Church, and heard a very good sermon and singing. There were bunches of tea-roses and lilies on the desk and organ. The church was quite large, and the communion service not unlike that of the Protestant Episcopal Church. As all were invited, I partook of the sacred memorials. It is a little strange that I should be all alone in a strange church. The walk tired me, for I have had rheumatism for the past two or three weeks, so that sometimes I could hardly turn.

Monday, April 5th.—I walked a little way.

Tuesday, April 6th.—Walked to the curiosity store and returned very tired. Weather bright and cold.

Thursday, April 8th.—Walked the length of two blocks, to buy some curiosities for the children at home

Tuesday, April 13th.—Very, very warm. Left Jacksonville on the 2 o'clock train arriving at Savannah about 8 o'clock in the starlight evening, after a ride through a part of the country which had been flooded by the recent rains, and some of which was yet covered with muddy water. In some places we seemed to be riding through a river, so far stretched the water on either side, and the sensation was more comfortable when we were once more on dry ground. In many portions the colored people were clearing the land, making huge fires, which with their cabins, many of the doors open, showing also fires on their hearths, gave a weird aspect to the woods through which the cars passed. We had quite a long ride in the carriage to the hotel; but the night was clear, and my sister's baby chatted in sweet fashion all the way. A room, overlooking a lane, was given me. The air was impure, and the water in the pitchers in the room had a muddy appearance, I suppose from the recent floods which may have rendered it impossible to procure clear water. The trees were in full leaf, and many of the shrubs white with bloom. There is quite a pretty park in front of the hotel, with a monument to Gen. Green in the center. There are some dogwood trees trained as standards, the tops covered with the large handsome white flowers with green center. I can hear a mocking bird whistling constantly.

Wednesday, April 15th.—We took a drive to the Bonaventure Cemetery. It is a beautiful place, but the gnats were so abundant that we could not enjoy, as we

wished, the beauty of the place. Many of the resting-places were decorated with cut flowers and blooming plants. Conspicuous among the latter was one called in the South the bridal wreath, but which has a fragrance like the English hawthorn. English ivy covered some of the lots. The grey moss waving perpetually from the tall old trees, seemed a constant emblem of mourning. We heard a red-bird whistling in the trees, but only once could we obtain a glimpse of the charming whistler. We admired the vegetable gardens, with peas in bloom, potatoes about six inches high, wisteria climbing over the balconies of the houses, and brightening them with its purple bloom. We passed through a toll-gate, reminding us of Canada. Many of the houses in Savannah appear like castles in the olden time of which we read. The roofs are square and flat as in Jacksonville, Florida, with parapets. There are many parks, each ornamented with a monument. Forsyth park, we are told, is the principal park in the city, and is ornamented with beautiful trees, among them are the loveliest dog-wood trees I ever saw. There is a fountain in the center, azaleas in bloom planted in the ground. Tea-roses climb on the balconies, and are blooming, though not quite in such abundance as in Florida. Some of the churches are quaint and old. The hotel in which we stayed seemed very old. The shutters on the bedroom windows were broken. The dining-room had niches in the wall, as if for statuary, but filled with dry grasses. The old doors opening into the kitchen were brown, and a white patch of worn-off

paint, gave to the room an appearance of broken-down grandeur. In fact the whole house was a remnant of old-time attempted splendor never entirely carried into execution.

Notwithstanding the age of the hotel it was kept in nice order and the service was good, the table abundantly supplied with food nicely cooked. Another hotel, where formerly planters stayed, was pointed out to us; grim and solitary it looked, stripped of its former state and grandeur. The deliciously salt air of Charleston was peculiarly agreeable to me; and a longer stay in that interesting city, would have been very gratifying.

Thursday, April 16th.—We took the two o'clock train for Charleston, where we arrive at about six o'clock P.M., and took rooms at the Charleston House, a hotel said to have been built fifty years ago. It has immense pillars in front, colonial style. The bed-rooms seem clean, but the furniture is old. There are brass knobs on the doors of our rooms. The house is built around a court, which has a grass plot in the center, on which walked in solitary state, a rooster that seemed to crow for the benefit of the guests.

Friday, April 17th, A.M.—We were quite tired; and I felt almost exhausted after dinner. I had to lie down all of the morning. We, my sister, her husband, son and baby, took a drive around the city, noting the points of interest, the long old market, the various churches, almost all of them with the tombs around or near them, the battery with its sea-wall against which the river

waves dashed, the spray touching our faces as we drove along, so close is the road to the water. The old, old massive houses brought to memory the storied past and the mists of vanished years fell over me. We saw some lovely gardens with roses in bloom. In one place the wisteria was festooned from tree to tree, a lovely sight. We went to a rice-mill, but they were not working; however, we were kindly given a small branch or spray of rice by a civil and agreeable old gentleman at the office. Among the ancient churches was St. Philips' with its odd old tombstones; near it were some made of brick. We drove to the Magnolia cemetery, a very beautiful place carefully kept. A spot where confederate soldiers are buried was surrounded by a privet hedge, a monument in the center; flowers in abundance, especially the favorite bridal wreath and lovely crimson roses, were ever present. My sister's little baby girl wished to get out of the carriage, and her father lifted her and seated for a few moments on a ledge of the monument. In her white dress she seemed like a dove of peace, a sign that war should be no more between the brothers of these free United States. There was a pond in one part of the cemetery spanned by a rustic bridge. We were allowed in one portion of the city to drive into the grounds of a private residence. A house for birds claimed our admiration. It was enclosed with wire and contained love-birds, parrots, macaws, white cockatoos, Java sparrows with a wire cage for the monkeys. There was also a space in the yard for English pheasants, a small grotto made of pieces of rocks and covered with

periwinkle in bloom, and in the shadow in front of it a tiny pool where fish might play. In another part was a fountain in the basin of which alligators were sporting. Weigelias and roses were in bloom. We thought the yard a gem, and we were loth to leave it, so many beauties did the small but pretty garden contain. King street was very interesting, with its narrow way, the shops almost within reaching distance from one side to the other, and reminding us of royalty and Canada; King street being the principal street in Toronto and Hamilton, prominent cities of the Dominion.

Saturday, April 17th.—A.M. Walked down to the market. How curious appeared the tiles on the roof, as well as on that of many houses, giving them a quaintness to one who had never before seen them. The colored women with their bright head-dresses, and large gilt, hooped ear-rings, and their smiling faces, as they presented for sale green peas, cabbages, radishes, and bunches of herbs and roots, made pictures worthy of an artist's pencil and brush. We gave a piece of silver to a butcher for a morsel of meat to throw to the buzzards, that seem invisible until invited by food to appear. They are said to be the scavengers of the city, and are not allowed to be destroyed. The walk was very tiresome, though interesting. We were disappointed in our design to visit the magnolia gardens outside of the city. I forgot to mention that by the side of the railroad, between Savannah and Charleston, swamp azaleas were blooming in masses, and the woods were filled with dog-

wood in the loveliest white bloom, that proved to be a feast of beauty to my eyes, never before enjoyed—I so love that white flower. We bought some bunches of the pink azalea from small colored boys who were selling them at five cents a bunch, but the perfume was so disagreeable to me that I was compelled to put them on the outside of the window, though I pressed one as a specimen.

P.M.—Started for Washington at about 6 o'clock, arriving at about 3 o'clock P.M. on Sunday. The country through which we passed was partly under good cultivation, especially through North Carolina and Virginia. There were large pieces of land planted with strawberries outside of Charleston, intended, I suppose, for the Northern market. We had quite a wearisome night on the cars. We were on a buffet car where lunches are served in a very neat and tasteful manner. We had dainty sandwiches, good tea, and bread and butter, and eggs if we wished, served in pretty dishes and cups with clean white napery. Very tired were we at the end of our journey.

Monday, April 19th.—Clear and fine. Washington in quite a commotion about the arrival of the Seventh regiment. We watched them from a small balcony at the hotel, which was decorated in honor of the occasion, as were many buildings, especially the Ebbitt. The crowd, to my eyes, numbered more than the regiment.

Tuesday, April 20th.—Went to the station, with Mr. Macdonough, to see about a cheque in my trunk. P.M.,

went across the street, to Mrs. Carpenter's rooms, at Mr. Fleischman's, to see the troops march down Pennsylvania avenue. They marched in good order. Their uniforms were handsome; all gray when coming into the city, and white, when marching on Tuesday. In the afternoon we moved to 1485 H st., where we took rooms. The house is very large, quite handsomely furnished, though apparently old. We learned that it was built by a wealthy Marylander many years ago. The doors, from my room into the hall are double, when open would admit two people arm in arm. The baseboard is high. A mirror in dark wood-work frame on the mantel, a few pictures, ornaments, books, some tiny tables, a folding-bed, a long kind of table, on which is placed my nephew's pretty red-bird, brought from Florida, a sofa rocking chair, two arm chairs, complete the furnishing of my room. Later, my nephew's alligator and two small turtles, in a large tin-pan, were added. I sometimes stroked the alligator's ugly head, and found that he was thus lulled to sleep. When we were at Willard's, an officer of the 7th was presented by President Cleveland, for his company, with a gold ornament, in the shape of the figure 7 in diamonds. The cadets from Orchard Lake, Michigan, near Detroit, came to Washington to meet the 7th; and they were really, in appearance, quite a credit to the state.

Wednesday, April 21st.—There is quite a pretty garden at the back of the house, in which there is a tulip-

tree in bloom. It is a little lonely in this back-room ; but Cherry is whistling for company.

Thursday, April 22d.—I walked a short distance, but found the pavement very hot from the heat of the sun. The trees are being fast robed in beautiful leaves ; and the shrub magnolia is in bloom. It is very pretty. The one near the house is shaded red and cup-shaped.

There is a head of Washington, carved in wood, over one of the dark panelled doors of my room. How much the old doors remind me of houses in Toronto, Canada! Sometimes I could almost fancy myself in the back parlor of one house where years ago I visited. It needed but the tea-table, without cloth and highly polished, and the little company, the silver, the china, and few additional pieces of furniture to make complete the picture.

April 23d. Friday.—In the afternoon celebrated Shakespere's birthday by a drive to Fort Myer and Arlington Cemetery. The road was very good. We drove over the long bridge on the military road past the fort, with its comfortable houses, each with a grass plot before the door ; and through an archway over the gate entered the sacred grounds, which are surrounded by a wall, fast being covered by ivy. The headstones of marble are in regular rows, the grass between them being kept close shaven, like a beautiful lawn. Conspicuous in the grounds is the sarcophagus where 2,111 unknown soldiers are buried, and a stand for speakers on Decoration Day. Ivy decorates every available space. The deep balcony in front of the Arlington House—formerly

the home of General Lee—is made of bricks. In fact, it seems like a brick platform, with immense pillars, the circumference of which one of our party estimated at twenty-five feet. The house, in old style, on an eminence, giving a view of the Potomac, and Washington on the opposite side. How beautiful the place! A sloping hillside of green, ornamented with forest trees. We admired exceedingly two cherry trees, one white and one red, covered with double blossoms like small roses. There were beds of lovely hyacinths in bloom in front of the house. I would have liked much to stay there longer; it was such a beautiful place in which to wander or to meditate, among the brave and solemn dead. At intervals there were boards painted black, on which were inscriptions in white, appropriate to the place. General Lee would indeed, I should think, have been sad to leave so beautiful a home. It was wilder then, and it must have been a grand and interesting place. Conservatories are attached to the grounds.

Easter Sunday, April 25th.—I tried to get into the Church of the Epiphany, but the crowd was so great that I could not enter, so that I remained outside and admired the grey stone walls, covered with vines. It is situated on G street, between 13th and 14th streets. By the way, in returning, I was almost lost, not being familiar enough with the city to find my way, but meeting a young lady who boarded in the same house I was piloted to our house, and found that I had been quite near it all the time.

Evening.—I sat quite alone by the window, and penned these rhymes :

On Sunday evening lonely,
Church bells, companions only,
Are sounding through the air
A call, a call to prayer.

A call, a call to praise !
Let us clear anthems raise
To heaven. God's word imparts
A balm to wounded hearts.

Monday, April 26th.—A.M. Went on the street cars, running down 14th street on F street and Louisiana avenue—the latter ornamented by a statue of Abraham Lincoln—to the Capitol, where we went in the elevator to the basement, to see the model of Captain Eads' ship railway.

Tuesday, April 27th.—My sister, her husband, son, baby, and nurse, and I, went to Mt. Vernon by boat. We passed the arsenal with its beautiful grounds of lawn and trees, the weeping willows bending to meet the waters of the Potomac near the stone wall, meant, I suppose, as a protection to the land. The old town of Alexandria, with its places of historic interest, were pointed out to us, viz., the flag-staff marking the spot where Col. Ellsworth was killed, the spire or tower of the church in which Washington worshipped, the house in which he and Gen. Braddock held their conferences, all dimly seen in the distance ; Fort Washington, an

old stone structure of which I would have liked the sketch ; then Mt Vernon. Part of our little company, I may say all except myself, walked up the steep road to the tomb and house. The stage-coach in which I took a seat was a quaint old vehicle covered in black, with seats each side. The charge was ten cents each way. We stopped at the tomb, which is half way up the hill. It is built of brick, and in a front part of it, defended by an open-work iron grating, rest the remains of George and Martha Washington, each in a sarcophagus of white marble, plain, except that of Washington, which is ornamented with the United States coat of arms upon a flag. We then went to the house. I cannot do justice to the beauty of the spot in my poor description. On an eminence above the Potomac, with the grounds so beautiful and well preserved, that they are full of charm and serene beauty inviting to contemplation and repose, stands the old mansion. The piazza in front of the house is paved with flag-stones said to be brought from the Isle of Wight. I could have rested many hours there, so beautiful and restful was the scene. That each State should have the keeping of a room is a pretty and wise thought. Fascinated by the quaintness and charmed by the neatness of each room, I occupied the meagre time allotted for the purpose of looking at the house. My attention was especially attracted to the elegant portrait of Washington on horseback before Yorktown, by Rembrandt Peale, the finest I ever saw. It is in the banquet-room, over two doors of which are also two that are very elegant. The

mantel of Carrara marble is guarded from ruthless hands by a wire screen. A model of the Bastile stands on a table, and the key is in the entrance hall, hanging on a nail. It is heavy, and I shivered at the thought of all the horrors that had been locked in by its force. The side-board in the dining-room or banquet-room, contained small mementos in the form of cushions made of Lady Washington's wedding-dress, and various trifles. In one room was the old piano. Upstairs, the old mirrors, the cabinets, the bureaus, the candlesticks, the bedsteads with carved posts, the pretty washstands, all either original or duplicates, were so attractive to me that I would fain have lingered longer, still longer. I looked in at the old kitchen fire-places with their cranes, the old well with its bucket, all silently telling the tale of bygone comfort and grandeur. It would take more than one day for me to explore and enjoy the calm beauty of this delightful old domain, so charming, so revered. Much credit is due to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association for the perfect order in this place so cherished.

But the time for departure drew near. The old coach waited. The colored driver whistled his warning call, and we dared not linger. We bade adieu, and buying some curiosities from the grey-headed colored man near the wharf where the boat waited, we went on board, on the return trip, arriving at the city, and by the street cars to our boarding-place in good time, very tired, but glad that we had seen this lovely spot.

Saturday, May 1st, 1886.—I went in a street car to the Center Market, and walked through that extensive place of merchandise. We bought some lilacs. Wrote to May Roberts, and sent her some flowers, some blossoms of the shrub magnolia.

Sunday, May 2d.—I went with Miss Langdon, a lady boarding here, to the Unitarian Church and heard a fair sermon, and very good singing and reading. The church is quite a pretty one, the walls outside being covered with ivy. It stands on the corner of Fourteenth and L streets.

Monday, May 3d.—Packing, A. M. In the afternoon we took a delightful drive to Saul's greenhouses and gardens. We found a charming old gentleman, Mr. Saul; and a beautiful spot, with its gentle declivities, a rippling stream, called Piny Branch, lovely trees, large and small and, old and young native trees. We saw a magnolia, whose bending branches sheltered many a plant; a dogwood tree in bloom, and not the least an extensive collection of orchids of which those in bloom were elegant and rare in color and form. There were pretty bright-leaved begonias, elegant varieties of caladiums and azaleas, eighty acres of land, and a pretty dwelling. Receiving some flowers, and a final handshake from the owner, we took our leave and drove to the soldiers' home. Again we are charmed with beautiful grounds, in which lilacs were in bloom, and one of the most elegant horse-chestnut trees that I ever saw. There were ravines and groups of forest trees, lawns,

and grounds under cultivation, smooth roads, and buildings in perfect order, as seen from the carriage. One thicket was white with the blossom of the dogwood, which grew in lavish profusion. There was a statue of Gen. Scott in one part of the grounds, and a cottage intended for the President's use ; but Mr. Cleveland does not occupy it. The vista of the Capitol is wonderfully beautiful, seen through the archway of the trees.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Started for New York via Philadelphia. We had a very pleasant day on the cars, with very little dust, and the country clothed in lovely garb of green leaves, grass, and bloom of fruit trees and dogwood. We passed farms in a fine state of cultivation, and beautiful residences. Some stone houses attracted my admiration.

Thursday, May 6th.—At the Pierrepont House, Brooklyn, N. Y. Not liking our rooms, we moved on

Friday, to the Hotel St. George on Brooklyn Heights, where we took a suite of rooms, consisting of parlor, and three bedrooms, a private hall and bath room. My sister's nurse had a sleeping room on another floor. Families live here in Winter. From my room window, I have a view of the yards, tops of houses, church spires, far away, both in New York and Brooklyn, and a glimpse of the river. Yet I think that I would not be content to live in the heart of a city, unless surrounded by beautiful grounds.

Sunday, May 9th.—All day rain, which enlivens the grass in the yards.

Sunday, May 10th.—A delightful Spring day moderately warm and bright. I went to Beecher's Church with Miss Hattie Story, and saw about twenty children baptized. The singing was beautiful especially the first hymn—one of Bonar's—

“Past the waking and the sleeping,
Past the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Love, rest and home !
Lord, tarry not but come.”

Wednesday, May 13th.—Took some little walks, and made some calls in the house during those days. There are two large dining-rooms in the hotel, capable, it is said, of seating four hundred guests. The fare is good, and the waiters, who are all white, are respectful and attentive.

Sunday, May 17th.—I went again with Miss Hattie Story to hear Mr. Beecher and was introduced to him. He is much more gentle than the first time I heard him preach, twenty-seven years ago. His discourse was upon the existing evils, anarchy, socialism, communism, the treatment of the Indians, Chinese and Africans. He expressed his belief that the United States were quite capable of dealing with these and all other evils and people who might come to them. He advocated

allowing all people, of all lands, to come to this country, and educating them.

Monday, May 17th.—P.M. I went with my brother-in-law and his son, over the bridge and returned.

Tuesday, May 18th.—I walked to Fulton street, where I took the street car to Montague street, then got into an omnibus which took us to Miss Hattie Story's boarding-place, to say good-bye to her and her father, who sailed for Europe to-day. After lunch Mr. Macdonough and his son went to the steamer. They report the sleeping accommodations as being so cramped that one shudders at the mention of crossing the ocean.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Dunkley spent the evening with us and partook of ice cream and strawberries. Mr. Warwick recited for us.

Friday, May 21st.—My sister, Mrs. Macdonough, her husband and two children, and I drove to Greenwood Cemetery, which is a lovely place at this season of the year, when the grass is green, and the dogwood and many other trees and shrubs are in full bloom, the lots also being adorned with many plants and flowers. Nature seems to have fitted it for the purpose, and art has contributed to the decoration of this favored spot, by erecting monuments of various styles to the memory of beloved ones gone before. There is one of a sea-captain designed, it is said, by himself while living. It is a life-size statue of himself in sea-costume, glass in hand. I

think it is in grey stone. Those that were the most pleasing to me, were blocks of rough stone on which crosses were cut. We also drove to Prospect Park, another beautiful spot kept with great care. The roads were perfection, broad and smooth, with trees on each side. Under the trees, in some places, were lovely wild flowers, as well as cultivated flowers, and shrubs of various kinds. There is an extensive green where games were being played, a lake and boats for rowing, arbors, and a grand stand where people can sit and enjoy seeing the passers, on horseback or in carriages, and rest their eyes by looking at the trees and flowers.

Saturday, May 26th.—Lunched with Mrs. Warwick on Madison street, and though tired, had quite an agreeable visit. There were Mrs. Macdonough, her baby, Mrs. Crosby and I, Mr. Macdonough and his son Thompson, Mr. Warwick having gone by invitation for a short trip in Mr. Duryea's yacht. We had a most delicious lunch, and were entertained by Mrs. Warwick and her two married daughters in a very genial manner. The house is situated on a very pleasant street, shaded by fine old trees, and with grass plots in front of each house. There is so much wisteria climbing over fences and trellises and fronts of the houses, that one is constantly charmed by the beauty of its long festoons of purple bloom.

We passed Washington and Clinton avenues, admired some roomy old houses surrounded with grounds, and caught glimpses of others in the distance equally

attractive. There are so many high houses that it is a rest to look at one of two or even three stories. The open cars are much more pleasant in Summer.

Sunday, May 23th.—Walked alone to Beecher's Church, and, to my surprise, being alone, was given a very comfortable seat. The hymns were very politely found for me, and handed to me each time, and I heartily wished that those pew holders might receive the same attention in strange churches.

Tuesday, May 25th.—A little cloudy, but in the afternoon clearing, with a high wind. I walked to Fulton street, and bought some magazines and toy books, and a card for my little niece, Mary May Macdonough. My sister, her husband and son went to New York, shopping.

Wednesday, May 26th.—This being children's day, I walked to Fulton street, to see them parade. There is a custom here of devoting one day in the year to the pleasure of children in different Sunday schools, who meet and march with music and banners, then assembling at the different churches, listen to addresses, have singing, and are treated to ice cream, coffee, cake and fruit. A small portion of the little company passed the hotel, to the delight of my sister's baby-girl.

Thursday, May 27th.—I took a very short walk, and paid Mrs. Crosby a visit in her pretty room,

June 1st. Tuesday.—Started for Detroit, riding over to New York in a carriage, then taking the 6 o'clock train, P.M. Arrived at our destination at 3 in the afternoon of Wednesday, June 2d, taking rooms at the Brunswick, where we remained until the following Wednesday, June 9th, when we went on board the steamer *Mackinac* for Cheboygan, reaching that place at about 6 o'clock P.M. on Thursday, June 10th.

Wednesday, August 25th.—Having spent a rather tedious summer in the confusion of house repairing and being compelled to go away, that some repairs might be finished in my room, my nephew, Thompson Macdonough, and I went to Mackinac—he sent over his horse and buggy. Mr. Macdonough accompanied us on the tug *Mary*. We had quite a pleasant sail. The weather was warm, and the view, as we approached the island, was very fine. The setting sun, like a ball of red, cast a line of reflection in the water.

August 26th. Thursday.—We took rooms at the Mission House situated in the southeastern part of the island, overlooking the waters of the lake, and a part of Bois Blanc and Round Islands. I spent some of the forenoon on the beach below the house, and we went again in the afternoon to pick up stones and pebbles.

Friday, August 27th.—A.M. Took a drive around the island stopping at Arch Rock, the British landing, and the annex in the western part, where beautiful cottages have been built forming quite desirable summer residences. P.M.—We went again to the beach, near

the rock called Robertson's Folly—the story is contained in the *Annals of Mackinac*. I was saddened during the afternoon by hearing of the sudden death of a beloved uncle, John Culham, at whose house I spent many happy days.

Sunday, August 29th.—Fog and light rain except for a short time, which I improved by going down on the beach in the morning, and for a drive in the afternoon. Not being acquainted in the hotel, the time is rather solitary except when driving.

Monday, August 30th.—We took a long drive by way of the British landing towards Scott's Cave. We saw Ruggles' Pillar, a rock standing near the road with trees growing out of it. We could not, on account of the roads, reach the cave, but my nephew scaled the steep hillside and brought trophies of moss and ferns which I afterward pressed for a memento book. We bought some views in the village, came home to the hotel to dinner, and in the afternoon went down on the beach to pick up stones. Many pieces of agates have been washed ashore. A cold rain set in about 6 o'clock in the evening, but cleared by

August 31st. Tuesday.—We drove to Arch Rock, and I took a rough sketch of it. We climbed the elevation to the left to see the view. Thompson went down to the beach below, to see the Maiden Arch. We then drove past Sugar Loaf Rock, standing like a sentinel, with ferns and small shrubs growing on its sides and a queer opening called a cave. There was, for.

merly, a fir tree on the top but it was cut down, in a measure spoiling the curiosity, I think. The rock in shape is not unlike the old-fashioned sugar loaf. We climbed the high steps at Fort Holmes and, from the height, enjoyed a view of the fort and island and distant water and land. We then drove around by the Annex, came down past the fort, and through the town to the hotel. P.M.—Took a drive, with Thompson, to Arch Rock, on which Thompson stood, while a photograph was being taken—to Sugar Loaf, where Thompson climbed, while I held the horse and sketched. When my nephew was tired of climbing, he gathered hazel nuts and birch bark. The day was very cold and so clear that Round Island and the opposite shores loomed up with startling nearness.

Wednesday, September 1st.—My brother-in-law coming for us, we returned to Duncan in the *City of Alpena*, arriving in time for dinner. The weather was so intensely cold, the last night on the island, that I contracted a severe cough.

September 4th. Saturday.—The weather has been alternately cold and warm. To-day it is warm and raining. This is the anniversary of our dear mother's death, and her tomb is so far away, in Canada, that I cannot decorate it; all I can do is to send flowers to the church at Cheboygan, where the talented and liberal Mr. Curtis has charge.

Saturday, September 10th.—Cool. The day before took a ride on the cable cars to South Park, where in a

phaeton we drove around the beautiful enclosure and through the building where the park horses are kept. The grounds, with their miniature lake, beds of flowers, and foliage plants in varied designs, were charming. One bed was designed to represent Jumbo, the famous elephant. Another was arranged in figures to represent the hours, the sun rays falling on each figure at the due time, all planted with foliage plants or flowers. On Saturday we went to Lincoln Park, which, having a frontage on Lake Michigan is quite as attractive, and varied in beauty. There were two seals in their pond of water. Their bark, to me, resembled that of a dog. Swans were beautifying the lakes. Wild animals, the white polar bear, the brown bear, the grizzly bear, the wolf, foxes, in separate enclosures supplied by water in trickling streams over rocks and stones, and cages of large birds enlivened one portion of the grounds.

Thursday, September 16th, 1886.—Started for Chicago from Cheboygan, on the train, by way of the Michigan Central, stopping at Grayling for dinner and at Bay City for supper. After waiting about an hour, took the sleeper at that place, and passing through Saginaw, Lansing, and Jackson, arrived at Chicago on the morning of the 19th.

Monday, September 20th.—Went with Mrs. Bowers to Marshall Field's dry goods establishment.

Wednesday, September 22d.—Mrs. Bowers and I went to Gossage's to select samples. We were detained until

evening, when, after a tedious waiting for an omnibus, we at last reached the cars. It seemed quite like an adventure of travel, when we had to sit down on a stone or some lumber by the side pavement, so very tired were we.

Thursday, September 23d.—Spent the day with Mrs. Magoffin on Lincoln avenue. We enjoyed chatting of her younger days. I was shown some curiosities in the way of brooches ornamented with hair of different families. It was interesting to notice the variety. A hair chain connected by gold links was quite pretty. Valuable keepsakes also were medals, presented to Miss Magoffin at London, Canada, at Helmut College.

Friday, September 24th.—Mrs. Bowers and I went on a street car to Graceland cemetery, which seemed to me one of the beautiful spots of earth. On one or two monuments were cut in the stone the heads and portraits of those resting beneath.

Sunday, September 26th.—Miss Shackleton and I went to hear Professor Swing. The discourse was very learned, as are all of his sermons, but his tone of voice was not as pleasing as that of many whom I have heard.

Monday, September 27th.—Mrs. Bowers, Mr. Macdonough and I went to the Exposition, Mr. Bowers joining us in the evening. I enjoyed looking at the paintings, the dry goods, the silverware, the minerals, birds, furs, furniture. Among the precious stones, was one ame-

thyst, dark and especially beautiful. We took supper at the restaurant in the building.

Tuesday, September 28th.—Took a long drive, in company with Mrs. Bowers, Miss Shackleton and Mr. Macdonough, through the principal streets of Chicago and some of the suburbs, admiring the elegant residences.

Thursday, September 30th.—Mrs. Bowers and I went shopping, riding in the omnibus to Gossage's and Marshall Field's, two of the largest dry goods houses.

Saturday, October 2d.—Mrs. Bowers, Miss Shackleton and I took a trip on the steam cars to a place in the suburbs of Chicago, called Fernwood, where there was an auction sale of lots. On the way home we looked into the Palmer House and saw from the outside, through the large windows, the famous barber-shop of Chicago, a palace where shaving and hair cutting are done in the midst of luxury and splendor. The room, about a hundred feet long, looked very gay and brilliant by gaslight.

Sunday, October 3d.—Very tired, but in the evening being rested, Mrs. Bowers and I went to the Congregational Church and heard fine singing. The sermon was of medium worth, though I gathered some ideas from the collection of words. The illustration of a child wandering away, being lost, and, after an abandonment for a short time, suddenly climbing the hillside and at the top finding his father's house, though not quite truly carried out, was yet a picture of life. We wander, we

sorrow, we find joy, we are lost in life's labyrinths, and when we climb the hill and reach the height, there will, we hope, open to our sight a home of eternal joy. The organ was fine and the singing beautiful.

From Monday, October 4th, the week until Saturday was occupied in finishing the shopping, except one day when we went to the wholesale millinery establishment of D. B. Fish & Co. to see the shaping and sewing of bonnet-shapes up in one of the higher stories.

Friday, December 24th.—I went with my nephew to see the market display. There were large quantities of holly for sale. I bought a bunch for fifteen cents, and some mistletoe on the wood. Quantities of flowers were displayed for sale, rosebuds for fifty cents. My nephew, Thompson Macdonough, decorated my room with holly, and in a corner he arranged Mary May's Christmas toys, and hung her stocking; so that I had the full benefit of Santa Claus' presents through the night, and the joy of seeing the child's delight and pleasure in the morning.

Saturday, December 25th.—Christmas day. Walked a little way, and called to see Madame Fleischman at whose house we boarded last Winter when in Washington. The rest of the day passed quietly. There is to me, always a sadness and loneliness, at this time of the year, now since father and mother have gone to heaven. My sister gave me several rosebuds, which were very cheering and acceptable.

Sunday, December 26th.—I went to the Congregational Church on the corner of G and Tenth streets, and heard a good sermon and Christmas music; the same minister, organist, and choir as last Winter. The church was crowded and warm, and having walked quite a distance to the cars, and from the cars to the church, I felt a little faint, and rather frightened on account of being all alone, among strangers; but by fanning myself with my handkerchief (I had not thought of a fan) I kept a little air in motion until the service was ended. For a long time after that experience I took a coupé to go to church instead of walking or going by car.

On *Wednesday evening, 29th*, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, Thompson and I went to see the cyclorama of the battle of Manassas. The scenery and battle scenes were marvelous in execution, the horses and men standing out from the canvas like living pictures, while one could fancy that the fire and smoke from the muskets were real. The faces of the wounded and dead, and their positions seemed realities, and told a tale of suffering, that gave rise to the feeling, would that war might cease from the earth! There were the smiling fields so soon to be watered with blood, the beautiful trees so soon to be broken and blasted by shot and shell, the fiery, spirited horses so soon to be shot down, or to be left riderless, while their gallant masters are to be left dying or dead on the field where war is reaping human life, and gathering in a full harvest.

And we are glad that it is over, and hope that such a dread reaper may not soon come again to our land.

On Monday, October 11th, which is the anniversary of father's birth, Miss Shackleton and I started for Cheboygan, Michigan, by way of the Michigan Central railway, taking the sleeper at ten o'clock P.M., and arriving at Bay City at 12:55 M. on Tuesday. While waiting for the homeward-bound train we partook of a bountiful lunch of cold chicken and grapes, provided by Mrs. Bowers, to which we added a cup of tea from the lunch counter, and were somewhat refreshed. We arrived at Cheboygan on Tuesday evening, October 12th, very tired.

November 13th.—Cold and clear. There was a heavy fall of snow, a week ago, but it has all melted.

November 25th. Thursday.—Thanksgiving. Very mild weather and very quiet day. Thompson Macdonough away at the camps. No company, my sister and baby, Mr. Macdonough, and myself, being alone.

December 14th.—Started from Duncan City, Michigan, on Tuesday, on the Michigan Central, arriving at Detroit at nine o'clock P.M., the same day. Snowing all day. Stopped at the Brunswick, the party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, their son Thompson, their little daughter Mary, and nurse, and I.

December 17th.—Weather moderately cold with fair sleighing. Yesterday I took a long walk—for me. All are tired.

December 20th.—Started from Detroit, where there is good sleighing, for Washington, via Wabash railway, taking the sleeper at Auburn, Indiana, where we had to wait at a very plain station, for three hours. The night was very dark, and not a light did the village seem to have. We passed through a very mountainous part of the country, past the Shenandoah valley ; Deer Park, where President Cleveland passed his honeymoon, and Harper's Ferry, memorable as the scene of John Brown's capture, where the Shenandoah joins the Potomac River. The reverse curves made by the cars in passing around the mountains caused many to be quite ill. I was among the unfortunate number. One person compared the motion to that of a ship at sea. What purple peaks in the distance ! What rocky steeps ! What deep valleys ! What poor cabins ! Many of them deserted, yet these hills and valleys, we are told, are celebrated for their fertility. We noticed quite a lumbering place, as we looked down from our heights, on the flats below us on the banks of a wide flowing stream. There is a quaintness about these solitary places, charming to the tourist, but a little inconvenient for habitation. I think, unless extreme wealth could bring comforts from civilized marts and, planting them among these wilds, create a paradise amid these solitudes ; though truly "Home, sweet home" is where the household treasures are ; and I suppose that in many of these cabins, poor though they seem, happiness is as often found as in palaces. From other places people come for health, evidently ; a magnificent hotel just under the brow

of a hill loomed before us, cool and inviting—an apparent oasis in the wilderness—in a spot known, of course, to many of the traveling world, but not to us—Deer Park. I think that President Cleveland showed his appreciation of beautiful places, when he chose this spot, delightful as it appeared from the car windows, for enjoying the society of his beautiful bride, away from the whirr and noise, in the refreshing, invigorating air of the mountains. When shown the poor little fort where John Brown was taken, it seemed to me too small to be held for a moment. One can hardly understand how he could hope to avoid capture. The houses in the portion of the town on the Virginia side, before crossing the bridge, looked like nests perched on the sides of a bluff, overlooking the rivers. Instead of a fortress, there was a small church at the top of a rocky height. Let us think it an emblem of enduring peace between the sister States, North and South. As the two rivers here join and flow in one stream, overlooked by a temple to God, so may the heavens look down on these United States of America, made up as they are of many different views, opinions, beliefs, all at last side by side, in one grand whole, resolved to keep together, though differing in minor points—of varied societies, denominations and families, yet presenting a nation bound together by love of a free country blessed by righteousness and abundance. When foreigners come to these shores, they should help to keep the laws, instead of breaking them. May the integrity of our citizens always keep watch that wealth

may not be gained by fraud. May honesty of purpose be the watchword; and the watch-tower of truth and honor be ever kept lighted throughout this land, that other lands may also see the beauty and light, and be in unity with sentiments that so nobly shine and protect!

We arrived in Washington at seven o'clock P.M., all very tired, and drove to Willard's Hotel.

Sunday, Jan. 2d, 1887.—Went alone to the Methodist church and heard a commentary on the book of Ecclesiastes. The minister cited the book as the soliloquy of a selfish man who had enjoyed all the luxuries of life, yet was never content, having found his pleasures all unsatisfactory at the last as compared to the unselfish life of Christ, who spent his life in doing good to all men; thus drawing the conclusion that talents used for the benefit of others, was the true way to happiness.

Monday, Jan. 3d.—Packed and moved to 1326 I street, where we have large rooms, but are obliged to go next door for meals.

Saturday, Jan. 15th.—Have been in this locality nearly two weeks, during which we have had some cold weather, a little snow and rain, then freezing. Yet this morning early we have Spring temperature, the grass in the park across the street being quite green. On Sunday, the 9th, I rode to church and heard a fair sermon. The text was "Thy kingdom come." The preacher dwelt on the fact of Christ's kingdom being lowly rather than of high worldly degree.

Sunday, Jan. 16th.—Bright Spring day, mild but cloudy.

Saturday, Feb. 5th.—A cold wave succeeding a very warm spell. Very little change in the monotony of daily living.

Sunday, Feb. 13th.—Bright, clear and cold. I went with Mrs. Ferguson, our landlady, to hear Dr. Newman, who was General Grant's pastor. He preached a sermon about the Chinese, four of the Chinese Legation being present. He represented them as superior in many respects to other nations, and especially honest. He mentioned firms who had dealt for years with Chinese houses of business without losing a dollar, and stated the figures. He gave statistics showing that in California they were in the minority in all houses of ill repute, correction, or hospitals. He justified them in their resentment of European interference, and cited their last act of toleration for all forms of worship, and their protecting missionaries, as a proof of their being brought into the pale of Christianity, as prophesied by Isaiah.

Feb. 14th. Monday.—St. Valentine's day, A.M. Cold and clear. P.M.—Cloudy. Mr. Macdonough went with me to the Aztec fair, where there was a great crush, the colored school being there also, so that it was difficult to see much. Their straw-work, one of the pictures being of the Capitol, was very curious and showed much skill. The silver-work was also very beautiful. There were displayed the costumes in bull-fights,

old manuscripts, instruments of torture, remnants of the Inquisition, pieces of onyx polished, and workmanship in stone, and many other curiosities. There were women pounding and kneading the bread of the country, Mexico.

March 8th.—Fine, clear and warm, succeeding several days of rain and gloom, the grass in many places being quite green. A few days ago I saw some shrubs in yellow bloom, and the English ivy on the walls is quite glossy. We have had a very dull time here this winter. I have gone to church when I could. I attended a course of lectures by Stoddard. They were made attractive by views of different places and scenes relating to histories of people whose lives and places of residence were thus brought vividly to mind.

March 9th.—Cloudy, ending in rain. News arrived of the death of Henry Ward Beecher on Tuesday, March 8th, 9:30 A.M.

Sunday, March 13th.—Having engaged a coupé, Mr. Macdonough kindly accompanied me to President Cleveland's church, neither Mrs. Cleveland nor the President, however, being present. It seemed a very old church. There was a small gallery for the organ and choir. The walls are painted in a kind of grey paneling. The seats, however, are very comfortable. The music and singing were very good, the organ having a melodious tone, and the congregational singing very gratifying. My grandmother's favorite hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was sung, and I much enjoyed hearing it.

Monday, March 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough and I went to call on Mrs. Boyle and Mrs. Carpenter, two acquaintances from the North, the former from St. Paul, Minnesota, the latter from Rome, New York.

Tuesday, March 15th.—I went to buy and send some books to brother Bird's two little girls, Frankie and Violet.

Wednesday, March 16th.—Mrs. Macdonough and I went shopping on Pennsylvania avenue.

Thursday, March 17th.—Clear and cold, with high wind. Spent a quiet morning in writing. P.M.—Took a Fourteenth street car to New York avenue, where in a book-store I bought a few Easter cards. Tried a little walk, but found that I was not equal to much walking.

My birthday.—The day, in some respects has been rather sad, varied, like life, by a few rays of sunshine. Pleasant words are the sun-rays; a smile and a kindly wish, a daily recognition of the love that should exist between the members of a family by acts of kindness, keep bright the household. I think more of these than of costly gifts. I received a kind letter and a little birthday book from home, from my brother Bird and his wife. We had strawberries and cream for dinner.

Saturday, March 19th.—Mr. Macdonough kindly accompanied me to the market, where I bought some flowers, among them a small bunch of trailing arbutus, the first of the season.

Sunday, March 20th.—Attended the Garfield Memorial church on Vermont avenue, near the corner of N street. It is a very pretty church with arches on the inside. Garfield's pew was pointed out to me. It is situated in the extreme corner of the church to the left of the minister as he faces the congregation. The service was simple and sweet, consisting of the organ music with congregational singing. The day was like Spring; and as I came home, for I was alone, I noticed yellow crocuses in bloom in the circle around the statue of General Thomas.

Wednesday, March 23d.—To the jeweler's on Pennsylvania avenue to look at silver for a wedding present.

Thursday, March 24th.—Fine clear day. Again Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough and I went to make a final choice of a present for Miss Hattie Story, who is to be married this month. Mr. Macdonough then kindly accompanied me to call on a lady, whom we met at a lecture, in a brick house on New Jersey avenue, opposite the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio railway. The lady, Miss Stayers, had been a school-teacher in Utah and had crossed the Rocky Mountains twice. She spoke of the engineering skill in some parts of the road where the irons had to be driven into the rocks on each side of a deep gorge, and the track built on that foundation between two dangers, the towering rocks above and the deep gulf beneath. She spoke of the women of Utah as being infatuated with polygamy, on account of the glorious future promised them in the companionships of

husbands who were supposed to become gods in the next world. She added that they were kept down by fear.

Friday, March 25th.—I went to De Sales street to call on Mrs. King, a lady who had been kind to our mother in years gone by. The street is very quiet. The house to which I went, that of Mrs. King's daughter, has vacant ground near it, so grass grown that it forms a lawn without the trouble of keeping.

Saturday, March 26th.—I went to market alone, bought some flowers, trailing arbutus and hepaticas, and a bunch of laurel branches. I was quite interested in the colored people with their herbs and roots of various kinds, and wild flowers for sale. They had small charcoal stoves and hovered over them to keep warm, while some of them eat their frugal meals. I came home on a street car, very tired, and arranged the flowers around father's and mother's pictures, giving some of them to my sister's little girl, whose cunning ways amused me. As she came into my room and looked at my floral arrangements, she said, "You're having a grand time, aren't you?" Then when she spilled some buttons with which she was playing, in reply to my question "How did you spill them, Mary May?" she said, "It happened." She is brimming with cunning sayings.

Sunday, March 27th.—I went with Mrs. Ferguson to the Wesleyan Chapel, on the corner of Fifth and F

streets. The church is built in square style. The seats are arranged one above another ; the walls are painted in dull color of panel painting. Behind the reading-desk there was the effect of light shining from a window, when it was only the painting on the wall. The sermon seemed intended to prove that David was chosen to bring into use a form of worship, wherein every man might stand before the altar, instead of that in which no one but the priest might enter the Holy of Holies, where dwelt the presence of the Most High. Also that David inaugurated preaching and worshiping God by singing and music. The speaker also dwelt on the act of coming to church simply as a form and coming to bring the soul into communion with the worship of God.

Tuesday, March 29th.—Cold high wind. In the evening I walked to the Universalist church, escorted by Mr. Macdonough, to an entertainment in which scenes were represented by living statuary. There were Maud Muller, Rock of Ages, the Spanish Sisters, the Nun, My Eye and Betty Martin, Woman's Faith, the Talking Well. The cherubs were represented by an imitation of clouds from which shone first, three little white faces, then when encored, three black ones with white teeth showing, and eyes dancing with mirth. A lady sang "Annie Laurie" with a fine and tender grace. The sunflower chorus was presented by a number of young and pretty girls, each of whose faces formed the center of a paper representation of a sunflower, and

between all, on the broad sheet of paper, ran the supposed stalk and leaves. This band of human sunflower spirits, set in this framework, sang in chorus. I think that a good deal was given for the price, twenty-five cents. On the homeward walk, though I did not know the name until afterward, I had the good fortune to see the star Aldebaran near the moon, which shone in a crescent above a bank of clouds. The star will not be seen again for nearly a year after next month.

Wednesday, March 30th.—Very tired after going on Pennsylvania avenue. Mr. Macdonough has gone to New York to attend the marriage of Miss Hattie Story, his niece, to Mr. Macfarlane, of Toronto, Canada.

Friday, April 1st.—Snow all day covering the trees with a beautiful robe of white, and creating a fairy picture in the park opposite our boarding-place.

Sunday, April 3d.—Went with Miss Wood to St. John's church in the afternoon. The Psalms were sung instead of being read. The boy choristers had, I thought, unusually fine voices. There were three large palm branches at the back of the altar. After the services the palms were distributed piece by piece. Miss Wood asked for a piece, and we divided it. I took mine home, pressed it, and made it into small crosses to give as mementos, keeping one for myself.

Monday, April 4th.—I went with my sister and her husband to see a display of flowers at Small's on the

corner of Fourteenth and F streets. It was truly a bower of beauty. The roses were of many colors, and some of them of mammoth proportions. There were elegant varieties of cineraria, snowballs, lilacs, of greenhouse forcing of course, hydrangeas, stocks,—I can in imagination inhale their perfume as I write; and genesta, with its bright yellow flowers gracefully drooping, reminding me of the mustard plant blossom so beautifully described in Helen Jackson's story of Ramona, where the Indian girl walks through a thicket of them to meet the Franciscan father and receive his blessing. We also went to Woodward & Lothrop's dry goods store. My sister and her husband then left me. I thought I could take a car, but alas! they were all full. I walked and walked, going into shops to rest at intervals and making some purchases, till at last I obtained a seat through the politeness of a gentleman; it must be hard for gentlemen coming home from business, tired, to give up their seats and stand. I reached our lodgings very weary.

Tuesday, April 5th.—Bright and cool. Visited the Corcoran Art Gallery, in company with a young lady. We enjoyed the pictures very much. One of Bierstadt's, Mount Corcoran, was a view at which it was restful to look. The water, overshadowed by the trees on the shore, and mirroring both them and the rocks, mountains and clouds on one side, while on the other was a pretty beach and shore covered with scarlet flowers, and a bear walking leisurely down to the water. The child

in a boat, with her grandfather helping to row, called the "Helping Hand," her face bent down with earnest gaze, and the old man's amused look of admiration at the little garden was quite a study. We were quite interested in the painting on porcelain in a cabinet, and two beautiful pictures in mosaics. They were about four inches long and two wide. There were heads carved from ivory, of eminent men, ancient and modern medals, and agates, an ancient mirror, portraits and statuary. One face whose sweetness was a delight, that of a lady in an arm-chair, with cap and shawl, reminded me of mother. The model of the Warwick vase, made from the timbers of the "*Constitution*" frigate, is not very pretty, but I suppose that the beauty consists in its being made from the timbers of the vessel.

Wednesday, April 6th.—Walked through the park, two blocks between Fifteenth street and Vermont avenue, called Macpherson square, from a statue of the general of that name in the center. He is represented on horseback, field-glass in his hand. The pedestal of the statue is ornamented by forms of cannon-balls, and bears his name and the date of his death at Atlanta.

Thursday, April 7th.—I went with Mrs. Macdonough to shop a little and buy Easter cards. We were caught in a light shower and had to walk home on account of the cars being full.

Good Friday, April 8th.—Went with Miss Wood, a lady in the house, in a street car to Mt. Pleasant.

When we arrived at the top of the hill, we found that there was no church service, but we were allowed to go in and see the very pretty grey stone church. Back of the altar were the best paintings of the Disciples and Apostles I ever saw. We then took a three-cent car down, then the five-cent car as far as St. Andrew's church, where we enjoyed a very pleasant service and discourse.

Saturday, April 9th.—Went with Miss Richmond and Mrs. Dr. Mahaffy to the Center market to see the display of Easter flowers. The trailing arbutus was in full bloom, and also the hepatica, the bloodroot, and a pretty flower called "Quaker lady," and another purple tiny blossom, the name of which I did not know. I brought them home and arranged some of them in front of father's and mother's pictures.

April 10th. Easter Sunday.—The churches, we are told, are gaily decorated with flowers and rich in music and song. Having been called to visit a sick woman, I had not the pleasure of seeing all of this beauty.

April 11th. Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, baby, nurse and I went to see the egg-rolling in the White House grounds. This is, we learn, a custom practised every Monday after Easter. All children are privileged on this day to roam over the grounds; and in the forenoon the President received and shook hands with many of them in the East Room. Some were eating lunch; all had colored eggs. There were about two thousand people, including both adults and little peo-

ple. The hyacinths, of which there were many beds, were in bloom, and many of the shrubs.

Tuesday, April 12th.—Spent from 2 o'clock to 4 in company with Miss Stayers, in the Corcoran Art Gallery. Among the bronzes was the reproduction of the monument to Frederick the Second, the Great of Prussia, and the column of the Place Vendôme in Paris. The original of the latter, stated in the description to have been built by Napoleon the First in honor of his German campaign of 1805, and modeled after Trajan's column in Rome, was made of 1200 pieces of cannon taken in that campaign, Russian and Austrian. There were so many curiosities in various forms of statues, shields, suits of armor, that it was impossible for me to remember all, or even a few, accurately. The carved figures were all exquisite. The head of the veiled nun was a marvel of sculpture. The tear on the face of the crying boy seemed almost real. There were also statues in niches on the outside of the building. Miss Stayers and I walked through Lafayette Park, looked at the statue of General Jackson on horseback, rested and I called and said good-bye to a lady, Mrs. Carpenter, who was going away, and returned to our boarding place.

Wednesday, April 13th.—Cool: A.M. lovely and bright. Went to the Industrial School on G street, P.M. walked a little way on Twenty-first street, to the herdic coach, to New York avenue where I took the car to I street, walking half a block.

Thursday, April 14th.—Tulip magnolia in full bloom, without green leaves. Pink magnolia opening. Scarlet *Pyrus Japonica*, and pink and white flowering fruit trees in bloom, in sheltered places, leaf-buds beginning to unfold. P.M., we took a long drive in the suburbs of Washington, saw President Cleveland's cottage, on a high piece of ground. The country is very hilly, and one is a little timid in riding up and down the steep hills.

Friday, April 15th.—Twenty-two years ago yesterday on Good Friday, Lincoln was assassinated.

Saturday, April 16th.—Went in the Fourteenth street car to New York avenue where took a Pennsylvania avenue car to Seventh street, a Seventh street car to a market on I, E and Fifth streets, but found no flowers. It was a very large building. On I, E, and Seventh streets the parks are very pretty; I saw in one a white honeysuckle in bloom. Taking a Seventh street car, I went to the Central market where I found for sale, trailing arbutus in abundance, shad-tree blossoms and a small purple flower which the colored people call wild lilac—a curious tiny blossom not unlike the snapdragon in shape, the green leaves being round, and in pairs, from which the flower-stem rises; they say it creeps on the ground. The tiny flower called Quaker Lady, not more than one-quarter of an inch in size, was yet for sale. I also bought some narcissus, its beautiful yellow cups tempting me with their spring hue.

Sunday, April 17th—I went to Doctor Sunderland's church on Four-and-a-half-street. Rested for a while, in the Sunday-school room ; was much pleased with the manner of grouping the classes around the teachers like families. After Sunday-school Miss Stayers, a lady who met me there, induced me to go to the Trinity Episcopal Church, on account of the music. It seemed to be an old church. The interior was built with arches within arches. I was annoyed a good deal by having lost my purse with car-tickets and collection. Fortunately, however, Miss Stayers lent me some money for car fare. On the car I saw an old colored woman who looked as though she might have been at some former time a slave. She wore an old alpaca dress, with bows down the front, a mantle, and a bonnet tied down with an old green veil, evidently garments given by some one. She surveyed with disgust two young men of color, dudes, who came in dressed in the height of fashion, with silk hats, canes, and fancy cravats. It was gratifying to see a young man, meanwhile, pay the aged woman the same attention of handing her ticket as if she were of high position. In contrast, came in with her father a sweet little girl, all in white, from her pale face to her bonnet and dress. A white lady in years, with quaint curls and black satin dress sat near, chatting with a bright southern girl. The day ended in a gentle rain, helping the leaf buds to enfold, and refreshing the grass.

Monday, April 18th.—Cool, all day rain, swelling the leaf-buds.

Wednesday, April 20th.—P.M. Went to a kind of bazar, called a French market, held at St. Rose's Industrial School on G street, meeting Miss Stayers there. There was quite a pretty show of flowers, candies, trinkets, and vegetables arranged in fancy baskets and other devices. Over each booth was a parasol decorated with vines. In one corner was a wheelbarrow full of plants in pots. Great bowls of lemonade were ready for the thirsty who wished to buy. Strawberry plants in pots, asparagus tied with ribbon, strawberries in tiny saucers, small dolls, and other trifles. The fire-places were ornamented with palms and daisies. A tempting lunch was served in the kitchen, which was spotless in neatness, as also the rest of the house. We were shown the rooms for white sewing, and those for dress-making. Both were pictures of tidiness and industry. In the former the girls sat around one long table. In the latter, each had a small table neatly covered with oil-cloth. The prices in the market were rather high for our diminished purses. We took a little walk after leaving the school, noticing the shrubs in bloom, and some old-fashioned houses, and returned by car to our boarding-places.

Thursday, April 21st.—Mrs. Macdonough and her little daughter, Mary May, and I went to G street. What quaint old fashions one sees on the cars! I saw an old lady with two long curls hanging in front of her face and bonnet.

Sunday, April 24th.—Went to Dr. Sunderland's

church. Sitting awhile in the Sunday-school, I listened to a few remarks about the life of Jacob. The lesson taken was to avoid the deceit and trickery that he practiced in taking advantage of his brother's hunger, thus obtaining his brother's birthright by fraud—his putting on the goat-skin to deceive his father, that he might thus obtain the blessing due to Esau, the first-born. At the end of his life he declared, "Few and full of evil have the days of the years of my life been." Joseph was cited as an example of goodness, honesty and integrity. The text of the sermon in church was Hebrews, 4th chapter, 15th verse. The speaker dwelt upon Christ's humanity in that he was made nearer to us by his birth, lowly and of no repute, his life of temptation, sorrow and toil; and his death of suffering. Some fine quotations were given, and a legend of a building all of precious stones and gold, destroyed by the deluge. But angels were employed in gathering here a pearl, there a diamond, and in the end the temple would be rebuilt as beautiful as of old. P. M.—Spent about an hour in the park with my little niece, Mary May, part of the time sitting, and part of the time walking. There is a beautiful apple-tree in bloom.

Tuesday, April 26th.—Heavy shower in the evening. I went in the afternoon to the Agricultural grounds, which were beautiful with the bloom of tulips, hyacinths, magnolias, yellow Forsythia in perfect hedges, flowering apples, double and single, and Judas trees; and musical with the songs of birds. I enjoyed much

the beauty of the grounds, but was very much fatigued by the walk, and glad to be able to find my way alone.

Thursday, April 28th.—Fine A.M., when I spent a short time in the park and picked from the ground a few flowers of the Judas tree.

Friday, April 29th.—Cool and showery, frustrating our intended trip to Mt. Vernon, in company with Mrs. Bunker, Mrs. Dunbar, and Mrs. Washington ; but before going away from Washington we visited the beautiful spot with part of the company, and thoroughly enjoyed the day.

We went to Brooklyn the first week in May, and our stay in that city was rendered uncomfortable by the severe attack of rheumatism which kept me in the house for more than two weeks. We left for home in June, arriving there about the 12th. The summer was passed rather monotonously.

Having to go to Detroit in October for shopping and dentistry, and wishing on October 22, the return trip, to amuse myself and vary the sameness of the day's ride, I noted the places by the way. The first station from Detroit was Woodward avenue, then Norris, Warren. The face of the country very level until you pass the last mentioned place ; then it is a little rolling. We notice good farms with pretty belts of woodland, and good roads. Next, Utica seems to be quite thickly settled. A church and upwards of a hundred houses are seen about half a mile from the station. A lovely stream winds its way, I fancy, through the town and

seems to follow us in various branches as we journey, reminding us of our childhood's rambles and of Tennyson's

“Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.”

Then the country becomes a little more hilly. As we come to Rochester, we notice a bridge of boards fastened by stones across a brook, which is another reminder of early days. A rudely built row-boat speaks of some boy's treasure, enclosed as it is, by a kind of fence. Now we stop at Goodson's, a small stopping place near a bridge, and the country is yet more rolling. Now we stop at Lake Orion, a lovely summer visiting-place on the lake of the same name, and surrounded by a beautiful farming country. We passed a lakelet about two miles long, and a mile wide, encircled with evergreens, and autumn-tinted trees. Next Oxford, a large, apparently thriving place. Behold! a few miles farther, another gem of a lake in its field and woodland setting. Then Thomas, near which is noticeable a long row of Lombardy poplars. The foliage is now more faded. Along the road we notice many cornfields, brightened by the yellow shining pumpkins yet ungathered. One field charmed me with its many knolls. Metamora is a very large place, shining in the morning sun. The pumpkins are beginning to be gathered in heaps for the feast of Thanksgiving. O the farms! May they always deck the country with beauty! Then Hunter's creek—but where is the creek? The country here is beautiful, apparently long settled, though some fields

are full of stumps. One field of wheat, on a hillside, was to me a picture of beauty. Lapeer. Now the trees begin to be stripped of their leaves. Now we stop at a place called Carpenter's, much like a lumbering country with its old mill, and buildings like a camp. Not far from the spot is a pond of blue water. Now we see stump fences, and rail fences, and hardwood lands, and corn-stacks, and the loveliest green fields, and behold a saw-mill in the distance, and a town, the houses of which are plainer. Another stream, after which the country, though rich in cornfields and orchards is rougher. Otter lake begins a wilder section. Another blue lakelet. Now more cultivated. Millington, near which are some charcoal ovens, and quite a settlement of unpainted houses. We pass two stations. Then charcoal ovens, which appear not unlike huge beehives in shape. Reese, where there is stave manufacturing—Munger's Bay City—West Bay City. The monotony is varied by dinner at the eating-house. Between Bay City and Linwood it is a little wild. A new station; then houses shingled down the side, as well as on the roof. Pinconning is quite a large place, with stores, a hotel, nice wide streets, and comfortable houses, and sidewalks, with mills near, and a wide stream. Deep river, near a stream; not many houses. At Sterling there are several stores, a hotel, and quite a scattered settlement. Alger consists of a hotel, a house or two besides the station, and saloons. There are signs of snow. Then a level plain of young pines, larger ones as we advance, succeeded by shrub oak and

some poplar. Stevens, where there is a large mill. Then woods of all kinds, hardwood, tamarack, and hemlock. Remains of lumber camps with a belt of Norway pines in the distance. At Roscommon we see icicles and snow. At Grayling one can be refreshed by a cup of tea. Frederic, there the snow is deeper. It is now too dark to read the names of the stations. Arriving at Cheboygan, we drove home to Duncan City.

November 22d.—Started from Duncan City, Cheboygan Co., Michigan, on the Michigan Central, arriving at Detroit on the same evening after a very enjoyable day on the cars. Beside our own party of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, Thompson, their son, and their little daughter, three-year-old Mary May and I, were our nieces Miss Mary May and Miss Catherine Ellen Smith. The latter played for us on her banjo. The young people were quite enlivening.

November 24th. Thanksgiving, Thursday.—A rainy disagreeable day, varied by an unusually good hotel dinner. Rain for two days. On our way to Albany we stopped at Buffalo, where we did not enjoy our fare. After a short visit to Albany, we started on December 5th for Jersey City via the West Shore railroad. We enjoyed the scenery along the road, for we had quite a pretty view of the Catskills, but we did not enjoy the air or the hotel accommodation at Jersey City, being too near to the station.

December 6th.—We took tickets for the Pennsylvania Central, and had a very pleasant and safe journey. At

Philadelphia the daintiest lunch of hot oysters, crackers and pickles, put up in paper boxes, was brought in for sale, with tongue and ham sandwiches, some of which we bought and very much enjoyed them. We arrived at Washington at 4 o'clock P.M., and drove to Mrs. Fergusson's, finding all ready to receive us, and a beautiful begonia blooming in my window.

Christmas, December 25th.—We decorated our rooms with holly, with a piece of mistletoe under which we kissed little Mary May. The day was very peaceful. I caught a severe cold in coming here and have not yet recovered from it.

Monday, January 2d, 1888.—To-day was celebrated as the 1st. A bright clear day, not very cold. I walked this morning to H street, where I took a car to Lafayette Park, through which I walked to Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the President's house, there took the car to Fifteenth street and New York avenue, where I exchanged to the Fourteenth street car, in which I rode to K street, then walked from the corner to my boarding-place, about half a block. There is quite a number of magnolia trees in Lafayette Park; their glossy leaves shine brightly in the sun. There are also several holly trees, but there were no berries on them. The President holds his reception to-day.

January 11th.—Went to hear the boy pianist, with Mr. Macdonough, Josef Hoffman. His skill is wonder-

ful for one so young, about eight or ten years old, I understand.

January 13th.—We have one of those drizzling rains of sleet, rendering slippery the roads, and clothing the trees in icy beauty.

Jan. 26th. Thursday.—On one night of this week, I saw and heard Emmet, the favorite actor, who sings and dances with so much lightness and grace. To see his handsome dog on the stage, repays one for going, I think. I have heard one opera, “The Child of the Regiment.” I think I hardly realized my expectations never having before heard it. I have been once to the senate, and once to a concert at the barracks. These concerts are given every Monday, and are free to all, the marine band playing some fine pieces. The mess room with its hard benches as seats is the concert-room.

Sunday, January 30th.—With Miss Wood, I attended the Metropolitan church on Four-and-a-half street. Heard Dr. Newman preach upon the different translations of the Bible, a very learned discourse. The statement that the bones of Wickliffe were taken up and burned, and the ashes thrown into the river, whence they were conveyed to the sea, was a forcible and poetic illustration of the scattering of the Gospel to all lands, said the speaker. High above the pulpit, is a cross of wood from Mount Olivet, handsomely carved. A lovely bouquet of half-blown buds in a vase, on one side of the altar, refreshed the eyes. Mrs. Logan, the widow of the general, was pointed out to me. She is a lady of deli-

cate features and snowy hair. Senators Stanford and Sawyer were in their respective pews.

Thursday, Feb. 2d.—I took a coupé, and with Miss Graham, a young lady living in Washington, called on Mrs. Senator Stockbridge at three o'clock P.M. After speaking to Mrs. Stockbridge, and being introduced to the ladies receiving with her, we were asked into the dining-room, where a table was spread with dainties, and in the center a china basket of roses. I sipped a little lemonade, and Miss Graham took some coffee. We then bade adieu to our hostess and withdrew, having occupied but a few moments. The ladies receiving were all in full dress. We then drove to see a friend of Miss Graham. Not finding her at home, we drove to 1326 I street, took my niece Mary May, drove to Pennsylvania avenue, where I left Miss Graham, and returned, having had a happy little drive with my little niece, the day being very fine and balmy.

Sunday, Feb. 5th.—Miss Wood invited me to go again to the Metropolitan church, where I heard a good sermon, prayer being the subject of the discourse. P.M. Miss Wood and I attended a temperance meeting at the Congregational church on G and Tenth streets. Temperance songs were sung by the Silver Lake Quartette Club, of New York. A feature of one song was, that at the end of each verse the whole assembly was invited to join in singing a verse of some old favorite hymn. The effect to me was particularly pleasing. The addresses were good, though in some instances the language was

not quite studied to suit a fastidious taste, yet it was all intended to favor the cause of freeing the country from the liquor traffic with its enormous abuses.

Monday, Feb. 6th.—Our party, consisting of Mrs. Macdonough, my sister, her husband and little daughter, went, in company with Miss Graham and her cousin, Mrs. Marsh, to hear the Marine band at the barracks. As the concerts are given in the forenoon, we had to occupy almost the whole day and take a lunch by the way at a candy store.

Feb. 14th Shrove Tuesday.—Miss Wood and I went to the botanical gardens, where we admired the ferns, but found not many plants in bloom. The day was warm, snow melting, streets muddy.

Feb. 15th. Ash Wednesday.—Cold and clear. I quite enjoyed the day in a solitary way, going to St. John's church in the morning.

Feb. 16th. Thursday.—Miss Stayers and I went to the National Museum, and looked at the magnificent memorials presented to Gen. Grant, and which I am incapable of describing.

Friday, Feb. 17th.—Saw at the Botanical gardens a banana blossom. It was four to five inches long and purplish pink in color.

Sunday, Feb. 19th.—Heard a fair sermon at the Presbyterian church, Four-and-one-half street. Neither the President nor his wife was there. The discourse was a

comparison of the spiritual sower and reaper to the busy farmer constantly attending to his duties, the one sowing and reaping the heavenly grain, in Christian work, the other unceasing, except in sickness, in his attention to his temporal advancement. May I not ever enter a sanctuary where is admitted a hope that, out of the chaos of sin may be created, one day, a kingdom wherein only righteousness may reign, wherein all sin may be washed away from our world, and never a groan as from those eternally condemned may be heard, because no place of torment can exist.

Wednesday, Feb. 22d.—Washington's birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough and their little daughter, and I took a drive, calling on Mrs. Boyle on 1510 P street. Found her very pleasantly situated in a lovely house. She is from St. Paul, Minnesota, and living in Washington for her health. The day was beautiful, and we very much enjoyed the drive.

Thursday, Feb. 23d. Miss Stayers and I spent the day, at the National Museum. We could not half see all the beauties of the collection ; yet it was a rich treat, full of interest and information. We did not enjoy the lunch that we took there. There were different kinds of fish, with all the apparatus for catching them, from the tiniest hook to the harpoon, and gun nets and baskets ; fabrics, machinery, medicines, chemical apparatus, specimens of marbles, and mineral curiosities of nations ; memorials of Washington, Grant, and many heroes of

history. We came away, I feeling that I had had only a taste of valuable instruction.

Saturday, Feb. 25th.—I took a car to Pennsylvania avenue to call on Mrs. Carpenter at the National Hotel.

Sunday, Feb. 26th.—Hoping to find the Reformed Episcopal church, I took a Fourteenth street car to Fifteenth street, where I got in a herdic in which I rode up Sixteenth street. As I could not find the church for which I was looking, I went into St. Luke's church on Fifteenth street, where I heard quite a talented sermon, on the right cultivation of conscience. The colored preacher very generously assumed that many slaveholders knew not that slavery was wrong, until shown the evil of it, when some of them took the bondsmen to free States. That as many years ago, drunkenness was not considered as stamped with the disgrace that now accompanies it, so conscience might yet be educated to look upon war as also dishonorable.

Tuesday, Feb. 28th.—Miss Perry and I went to the Botanical gardens, thence to see Professor Neuman's exhibit of silk culture, which was exceedingly interesting. There were the butterflies, the eggs, the cocoons on branches of the mulberry and silk in various stages of manufacture. The cocoons on the wild coffee-tree were quite a novelty to us. They were of a greyish color, and the silk produced from them was a kind of light brown. We were also shown the mode of unwinding the silk from the cocoons. Putting them in hot water,

the professor first teased them with a bunch of twigs. Then taking a few threads, he fastened the end to the machine, and turning it, wound them into a skein of lovely fine thread. He gave to each of us a box of cocoons. There was also present a lady from Virginia who, I think, was intending to employ herself in the cultivation of the silk-worm.

Wednesday, Feb. 29th.—Was out twice, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon.

Thursday, March 1st.—Took a herdic cab to the Smithsonian, where I met Miss Stayers. We saw a fine collection of birds of all kinds, parrots, owls, eagles, pelicans, swans—black and white, pheasants, humming-birds, orioles, woodpeckers, ostriches. We walked over to the National Museum, a short distance. I then took a herdic for home, Miss Stayers going home to First street, N. W.

Saturday, March 3d.—Went to the Palais Royal, a large store, to inquire for my umbrella which I had left there. P. M.—Miss Perry, a lady from New York, and I attended a lecture on chemical analysis by Professor Clark at the National Museum. It was very interesting, though I could not understand all. These free lectures are some of the privileges of Washington.

Sunday, March 4th.—Attended the First Congregational church on G and Tenth streets, heard a very good sermon, and as a free invitation was given to the communion, I partook of it as offered, and was much

benefited by the simple service. The speaker quoted that portion of the New Testament wherein Christ is mentioned as enduring his sufferings for the sake of the "joy set before him." "Thus we endure our trials the more patiently on account of the hope beyond this life," was the burden of the sermon.

Tuesday, March 6th.—Went to G street and from there to a book store, partly by car, partly by herdic.

Wednesday, March 7th.—Called on Miss Graham and meeting Mrs. Graham in the herdic, I went to St. John's church with her.

Thursday, March 8th.—In the evening enjoyed a Shakesperian pageant given by some society ladies in aid of the National Homeopathic Hospital. Shakespere was represented as presenting scenes from his plays before the court of Queen Elizabeth who sat on her throne with courtiers in attendance. The dresses and jewels, the latter evidently owned by the ladies who took part in the scene, were elegant and the pantomime of superior merit.

Friday, March 9th.—In the evening, in company with Miss Perry, attended a lecture at the National Museum, "The Microscope in Geology." We very much enjoyed it. The views of the rocks were very fine, especially when the polarized light was thrown upon them, bringing out all of the beautiful colors. Driving home, we admired the Washington Monument, shining white

through the darkness, and the sky brilliantly lighted with stars.

Saturday, March 10th.—I went to market in the forenoon and bought some flowers, but could not get any wild ones, as the weather has been too cold for them to bloom. P.M.—Accompanied Miss Wood to the Grand Army Fair. The majority of the booths were covered, but we went to the Art Rooms where were displayed many paintings, specimens of needlework, and many curiosities.

Monday, March 12th, and Tuesday, March 13th.—A terribly high wind, blowing down trees and branches of trees, cutting off communication by telephone in the city and the fire alarms, and during several days cutting off all news from the world outside of Washington. The storm, in full terror of destruction, has swept the whole country, mercilessly destroying property and many lives, as afterward reported. It was said that people died from exposure to cold, and the fierceness of the elements. Boston was isolated, the only way of hearing from that city having been by cable to a place on the coast of Maine, thence to England and return.

Thursday, March 15th.—Some communication established.

Friday, March 16th.—Air oppressively warm.

Saturday, March 17th.—My birthday. A.M.—Went shopping. P.M.—Took a herdic cab, and drove with Miss Wood to the National Museum, where, after look-

ing at a family of buffalo stuffed and mounted, from a young one about a year in age, to one in maturity. There were six of them, beautifully mounted on a piece of ground, in which were their tracks, and here and there some sage-brush, and matted grass, and a pool of water. "This," said a lady whom we met, and who was familiar with that country, "is a piece of Montana." We also noticed a case of stuffed ourang outang, most hideous in their resemblance to humanity, climbing trees, one of them savagely biting his companion's hand. A case of prairie-dogs claimed our attention, with a small owl on the edge of their burrowing-place, and with which they are said to live in harmony. A case of opossums, one curled up very naturally in the nest. Armadillos, kangaroos, in variety from fawn color to grey, in their curious half standing, half leaping positions. A family of seals, from the cunning baby curled up on a rock like a puppy, to the large ones, parents of the whole, I supposed. A small elephant, tigers and bears. The polar bear was a very large specimen of yellowish white color. We went to the lecture-room to hear a professor speak about the origin of names. The lecturer traced some of the various names to the fact of designating a man, thus William, son of John, from being constantly repeated became changed to William, John's son, then to William Johnson. Others were named from the places where they lived, or the countries from which they came. About the fourteenth century the surnames thus attached became hereditary. If a man lived near a wood, from being called James at the

wood, the name was gradually changed by omission of words or letters to James Atwood. Again, names were derived from the occupation in which men were engaged, or from some feat of strength or valor, as, when a Scotchman helped his fallen king into the saddle, the king being clad in a full suit of armor, he was named Armstrong. Names also were taken from animals, birds and flowers, and even the sky lent aid to the naming of our race. In conclusion, the speaker gave a selection from some wise writer, noting that the high were descended from the low and the low from the high.

Sunday, March 18th.—Miss Stayers and I went to the Presbyterian church in Four-and-a-half street. Dr. Sunderland preached from a text in Job vii : 17, 18, dwelling upon the many trials, the lesser being of nearly as much annoyance as the greater, and we need to be prepared and strengthened for all.

Thursday, March 22d.—Cooler. Cloudy with a few flakes of snow. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, Mary May and I were on Pennsylvania avenue and F street in the morning ; and though we took the cars, there was much unavoidable walking, and I was compelled to rest all of the afternoon. In the evening a lady, Miss Wood, asked me to go to a Woman's Temperance meeting at the Foundry Methodist church. On the platform were Miss Francis Willard, Mrs. La Fetra, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, Miss Jennie Smith, and Mrs. Cleghorn Hoffman from Missouri, who gave a long address, favoring and urging prohibition, as the only dyke against the inroads

of the ocean of drink which was breaking up homes, as the sea destroyed all the houses in the Netherlands before a sea-wall was built against the encroaching waves.

“As,” said the lecturer, “objections on all sides”—she stated each kind of opposition—“were made to that protection, so, now, opposition to prohibition was met. As the dykes were finally built and carefully watched, so would eventually their cause succeed. She compared high license to the indulgences of the Roman Catholic Church. For as the church could not keep her people from sinning, she sent Tetzels with these indulgences through Germany, and with the money received for them, built cathedrals. So the government made the people pay for liquor, in the shape of license. She claimed that Maine gave 47,000 for prohibition majority, and that their cause was progressing.” She ended the lecture, with a quotation from Whitaker. Many of her quotations were also from the Bible. Miss Catherine Willard, who had just returned from Germany, where she had been educated, sang twice. One lady read from the Bible, and prayed. There was also singing of hymns. Mrs. Cleghorn also stigmatized the Christian nations as the senders of rum to the heathen, and condemned the liquor monopoly. There were addresses by others. Miss Kate Willard was, I thought, quite pretty. In going to my rooms I found the evening bitterly cold.

Friday, March 23d.—Intensely cold, and bright, with high winds. Reports of terrible storms in Minnesota,

Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, come to us. Railroads blockaded. Went with Miss Perry to the Fish Commission, was much interested in seeing the hatching process. Great glass jars were full of spawn, a tube conveying fresh water into the jars. Through another tube the tiny morsels of fish swarm into a tank. So quickly did they ascend the tube, that a flash, as of light, was only seen, and they passed to the larger tank. There were some curious many-finned fish of gold and silver color, brook trout from Michigan, California rainbow trout, Michigan grayling, and many other kinds. Thompson Macdonough having joined us we went to see the animals behind the Smithsonian. There were foxes, an opossum, a cinnamon bear, a jaguar, an elegant animal with velvety skin, spotted brown and yellow, prairie dogs, prairie chickens, quail and several other kinds of birds, a gray squirrel and a few more animals. It was so cold that the yellow crocuses that brightened all the parks drooped their heads.

Saturday, March 24th.—I went to the National Museum, where, after looking at some of the curiosities, among others the wonderful and beautiful feather cloak or war-cape of the kings from the Hawaiian Islands, the mummies, the chamber tomb from Italy, and other curiosities, I listened to a lecture on Assyriology, or the excavations in Nineveh and Babylon. The lecturer was very enthusiastic, but as he spoke in broken English, it was rather difficult to follow his reading.

Sunday, March 25th.—Miss Perry and I went to hear

Mrs. Livermore speak in the Universalist church. Her discourse was of much benefit to me, leading her hearers, as was its tendency, onward, onward and upward, in thought, in aspiration toward a higher life, and tenderly dwelling on all the duties and affections of this.

Good Friday, March 30th.—I took a car to Lafayette park, where I sat down or walked around and picked up some magnolia leaves, while I breathed the perfume of the grass and enjoyed the sunshine. Then I attended the services in St. John's church after which I rode in a car to Small's flower show, which I truly enjoyed. There was a perfect bower of beauty and fragrance, a draping of orange branches and fruit over the door, a window full of lilies, roses and orchids, a center of roses, carnations, and many other flowers, and a mirror banked around with white spiræa. I saw the ranunculus in different varieties for the first time. There were cinerarias, daisies, lilies of the valley, and oh! such a mass of loveliness that one would fain have rested there for an unlimited time, in tranquil enjoyment.

Saturday, March 31st.—Very warm. Miss Perry, her friend Mrs. Richardson, and I went to the Woman's Convention which had occupied all of the past week. We had to climb to the gallery. We heard Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who spoke quite distinctly, and Mrs. Lucy Stone, whom I could hardly hear, though her manner was pleasing, and who looked very matronly in her cap. Her husband gave an admirable address in polished speech and tones. Fred

Douglas, the colored orator, made a stirring address, referring also to the time when he was dragged thirteen miles to be sold as a slave. John Hutchinson sang with much spirit. The stage was fully occupied by the pioneers, women, in the cause of woman's suffrage, and the audience was very large. We came away before the conclusion of the meeting, as our time was limited.

Easter Sunday, April 1st.—Fine and warm. I accepted Miss Wood's invitation to go to the Metropolitan church, where I heard a good sermon by Dr. John Newman. His text was "We have seen the Lord." He spoke of the advantages that had followed the Christian religion. As an illustration, also, of our friends waiting for us in heaven, he spoke of meeting on his travels in India, a merchant, who was going home to meet his family, after a long absence, on account of ill health. As they neared the shore, a group consisting of wife, children, and servants were seen, all robed in white, ready to meet the husband, father, master. The mansion on the hill, the sloping lawn, the glad embraces and greetings were pictured with vivid clearness. The Christ on the cross, placed where all could see, as from different roads people came, brought the scene before the imagination as it was described. The blood and water from the pierced side of Jesus was explained by the fact that around the heart is a sac or pericardium. When a person is frenzied with grief or agony it is said that water forms in this sac. Hence when pierced, flowed the water and blood.

The platform was adorned with flowers. There was a cross of calla blossoms, besides many other beautiful flowers, and verses of familiar hymns were sung between the pauses of the communion.

Wednesday, April 4th.—A very fine day. We have had the first wild flowers.

Thursday, April 5th.—Rainy and warm, so that the trees are budding, especially the flower buds of the white magnolia in Franklin Square Park, as also the Judas-tree. The yellow Forsythia is in bloom.

Friday, April 6th.—Went to see the cyclorama of the battle of Shiloh, the day being the anniversary of that fight. The lecturer was General Prentiss, who was present at the terrible encounter, and there surrendered after hard and bloody fighting of his troops. The Union forces on that day, twenty-six years ago, were hemmed in right and left by the Confederate Army. The field on which General Albert Sidney Johnson was killed was shown on the canvas. The soldiers' forms, taken from photographs, were lifelike in appearance. The blue distances of sky and water and woods, and the Tennessee river were represented true to nature, and the whole gave a perfect idea of a battlefield.

Sunday, April 8th. — Walked to the Unitarian church to hear Robert Collyer. The house was crowded. After standing awhile, I was given a seat near the door. The discourse was, "The observance of Lent." The speaker did not approve of the custom. He thought

that Lent should be a self-denial and a practice of all of the virtues all our life, instead of at one season.

Wednesday, April 11th.—Clear and cool. Went to G street, and while waiting for the herdic at Lafayette Park picked up some magnolia leaves.

Friday, April 13th.—Cool and clear. After going to the shoemaker's I took a trip on the cars on New York avenue out to H street.

Saturday, April 14th.—Rode in a street car to the market, bought some wild flowers and shopped a little. This day is the anniversary of Lincoln's assassination, also of father's landing from Liverpool in New York after a short trip to England and Scotland.

Sunday, April 15th.—Miss Perry and I went by street car to the station, where we went by rail car to Alexandria, where we arrived early enough to take a carriage, rather old and dilapidated, with an obliging colored boy driver, who for a very reasonable sum took us first to the Braddock house, where Washington and Braddock held their conferences, on the way showing us the steps where Colonel Ellsworth was shot. The landlord of the Braddock house very politely showed us the room in which the two distinguished men met. "It remains," he said, "exactly as then," with its thick walls four feet thick, painted in blue panels, low, deep-silled windows and a fire-place. The room is square in form. We were then shown the steps at the back of the house, facing the Potomac, and the small plot of ground in

which are several trees, which are overgrown with weeds and wild violets, of the latter of which we picked a few. The balcony is covered with wisteria, the stalk of which is five or six inches thick. We were told that in the time of Washington the river was nearer the house, with no obstructions between them, so that the view must have been very fine from the balcony above. Our attention was also drawn to the staircase of the hall, the top being of solid mahogany. Before the hotel was built in front, were grounds extending to the street. Now all that there are left at the foot of the steps are two small flower beds, one of lilies of the valley. We then drove to Christ church, where Washington worshipped and of which it is said he was vestryman. It seems to be a solid brick building. The pews have high backs, and are of panelled wood. The pulpit is of the old style, high and lofty. The railing of the organ loft is rounded like a bow. The singing was very enjoyable, and the service tolerable. After the service we went into the vestry, a very small room, and saw the table used for communion in those early days. It seemed about two feet and a half long and a foot wide. We also sat in Washington's pew and in the one formerly used by General Robert E. Lee, the former large and square, the latter of ordinary length. On the wall each side of the pulpit were two marble slabs, one in memory of Washington and one in memory of Lee. We walked through the church-yard, the grass of which was kept close-shaven, noting the different tombstones and their odd and quaint inscriptions. Some of the

stones were long and flat in a horizontal position. On one of them was inscribed the position of the lady lying beneath it. We walked to the station, where we sat awhile and partook of a light luncheon which we brought with us, then took a carriage, price fifty cents, and rode to the Union soldiers' cemetery, remained awhile in solemn meditation, noting the beautifully kept graves, of which there were 3,750 known and 103 unknown. One of the inscriptions to the brave and memorized dead we noted:

“On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread
While glory marks with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

We started for Washington, by the same route, arriving in time for dinner at 2:30 o'clock P.M.

We felt fully repaid for our trip in the remembered enjoyment.

We kept and pressed the violets, as a reminder of one of the most agreeable jaunts we had taken, combining devotion and real pleasure.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Miss Stayers and I went to the Signal Service, G street department, and I waited in a lower room, while Miss Stayers went up to the room where the instruments are. We then walked over to the State, War and Navy building, where we were principally interested in looking at the pictures of Greely's Arctic expedition, which brought those northern scenes vividly before the eye.

Wednesday, April 18th.—Miss Stayers and I took a ride around the city, in a brown car, stopped at the Agricultural grounds, sent home some seeds—they are sent free for the asking—asked for a bunch of magnolia blossoms which were generously given, walked over to the monument, picked up some pieces of marble, and went to our boarding places. I was very tired.

Friday, April 20th.—Miss Stayers and I went to Georgetown by the street cars. On arriving there, we walked quite a little way on Thirty-sixth street, rested a little on the stones, and gazed on the river and opposite shore. We saw Mrs. Southworth's cottage, a rather old brown wooden building with a Gothic point, a veranda, and on two sides of it a garden, with shrubbery in bloom, principally flowering currant. The gardens of the place seemed to be full of wild violets. We looked through the fence of one charming old-fashioned place, with an arbor overlooking the river, and dug up some violets that grew outside of the wall. We sat quite a while on some stones, in a vacant lot, enjoying the view of the river and the new bridge across the Potomac. We called at Prospect Cottage, but the authoress, owner of the house, was away in New York. A pretty dark-eyed young girl answered our questions. We then returned home, enjoying the views of pretty gardens full of blooming hyacinths, tulips, and fruit-trees. In passing over P street bridge, over Rock creek, we looked away down on houses and gardens beneath us. In almost all of the latter, there were peach trees full of pink bloom.

Saturday, April 21st.—P.M. Miss Stayers and I went to Albaugh's theatre to a matinée. The play was "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Modjeska was the principal actress. She is a graceful woman, and dressed beautifully.

Sunday, April 22d.—Miss Wood and I went to Christ church, said to be the oldest church in Washington, built, we were told, in Jackson's time. It is very plain, with no gallery, and pews with doors.

Monday, April 23d.—Cool. Miss Stayers and I went by way of the Fourteenth street cars, changing for the Pennsylvania avenue cars, at the capitol, thence to the navy yard, then taking the Anacosta car east, across the Anacosta bridge. We walked a little way up the hill, then rested on some steps, admiring the scenery, the yards and fields gay with the bloom of fruit-trees. While sitting there an aged colored woman came, and also sat down to rest. She had been gathering chips, to make a fire for herself in her small room among the hills. She had been discharged from a hospital and was a perfect example of gratitude, for she told of the good care taken of her in the hospital, of people's kindness to her, of the goodness of God in providing a shelter for her, though it seemed that the small room had to be shared with others.

Tuesday, April 24th.—Rode to the market in a street car and bought some wild flowers to send home, keeping some of them, however, to place around the photographs of father and mother.

Thursday, April 26th.—Warmer, fair, called on Mrs. Boyle.

Sunday, April 29th.—Miss Wood and I went to Four-and-a-half street Presbyterian church. The day was very warm. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Macdonough, Mary May and I walked over to the park. The flowering apple and cherry are in full bloom, and also the Judas tree.

Monday, April 30th.—The hottest day of the season. We suffered day and night from the heat. A.M. I went to F street for a short time.

May 1st. Tuesday.—Showery, and the leaves are completely unfolded.

Sunday, May 6th.—The day was very warm, so that we spent part of the day sitting under the trees in Franklin Square Park. The cotton from the cotton-wood trees covered the grass with white flakes that looked like snow. We rolled some of it into balls to take home as curiosities of the place. The trees were all in full leaf and many of them in full bloom, and we truly enjoyed their beauty.

May 8th. Tuesday.—We started from Washington, and after a pleasant day's journey arrived in Jersey City about 4 o'clock, and crossed over by ferry to Brooklyn in time for a six o'clock dinner.

Friday, May 18th.—Damp, ending in rain. Yesterday Thompson Macdonough and I took a ride in the

street car to Prospect Park, and enjoyed the trees, the grass, and looking at some wild geese and guinea fowl, and some deer in the enclosure. To-day we took the Green and Gates car to Ridgewood, which is not a very pleasant place. There are there the baseball grounds, a cemetery, some saloons and car stables. Queer combinations, or rather proximities ! We returned home by the Myrtle avenue cars to Fulton street and Clark street. What a varied prospect the route presented ! Now an avenue of beautiful mansions surrounded by lawns, trees and flowers, then lowly houses of one or two stories with their own kind of a garden or none, mere tenement houses, shops of all kinds, and elegant stores. In a harness shop was displayed a statue of a horse of life-size in the window. Mr. Warwick paid us a visit and stayed to lunch with us, which was very kind, as little Mary May having the scarlet fever, both she and her father and mother are quarantined in their suite of rooms, and Thompson Macdonough and I might have a lonely time were it not for the kindness of our friends.

Sunday, the 20th, I spent at Mrs. Warwick's. Have had a terrible cold.

Monday, 21st.—Thompson Macdonough and I drove in a coupé to the park and on the boulevard, then to the top of a hill or elevation in the park, commanding a view of the sea, and where we inhaled the salt air. The foliage is now in full luxuriance, and many shrubs are in bloom.

To-day, the 22d, Thompson and I went by the way of the street cars to Fort Hamilton. Part of the way they were propelled by a dummy engine. We passed lovely residences and many old farms and farm-houses, betokening solid comfort. What pretty drives could be taken on these country roads! My dear little niece, Mary May, is better to-night, though her life seems to hang on a frail and slender thread.

Wednesday, May 23d.—Spent the day at Mrs. Warwick's. It has been rather rainy.

Friday, May 25th.—In the afternoon took dinner at Mrs. Warwick's, the day being Mrs. Warwick's birthday.

Saturday, May 26th.—Mary May worse, with congestion of the lungs.

Sunday, May 27th.—Rode in a street car to Mrs. Warwick's. Mary May a little better, though very ill.

Monday, May 28th.—Thompson and I went by street car to the park, and rode around it in the park phaeton. The dogwood, horse-chestnut, red and white, and many flowering shrubs are in bloom. Rainy in P.M., ending in a violent rain-storm in the evening, with thunder and lightning and high wind.

Tuesday, May 29th.—Thompson and I took the Flatbush avenue cars at 10 o'clock, from Clark street, to the Flatbush avenue station, then the steam cars to Brighton Beach after a ride of twenty minutes, having,

however, to walk one-quarter of a mile to the beach, where we sat and inhaled the sea air until it was time to return, when we again admired the loveliness of the country after the rain. We passed farm-houses nestled among the trees, and vegetable gardens. While waiting at the Flatbush station we picked some flowers and grasses by the roadside, where evidently there had been a garden; for there were stars of Bethlehem and periwinkle, snow-drop shrubs and acacia trees. On arriving at the hotel we were glad to learn that Mary May was better. Mrs. Warwick lunched with us.

Wednesday, May 30th.—I spent the day at Mrs. Warwick's. Mary May is a little better; Mr. Macdonough ill. Heavy shower at night.

Friday, June 1st.—Saturday and Sunday I stayed in the house, on account of Thompson's illness, though the days were fine, until Sunday P.M. when Mr. Warwick accompanied me on a street car to East New York, returning by the elevated railway, passing through a delightful portion of the city. Yet I was very tired after the journey.

Monday, June 4th.—Fine and cool. Very tired from having had neuralgia. P.M., wishing for air, I took a ride on the Flatbush avenue cars to the end of the route, passing by the way charming old places, the grounds being ornamented with flowers and grand old trees, the houses being quaint in structure. In one garden were two lovely wisterias, one white and one purple, trained on old trees.

Tuesday, June 5th.—Although very lame I rode in the street car with Thompson to the park and return, having to rest afterward. After lunch I wrote home.

Wednesday, June 6th.—Thompson and I went to Long Beach, and arrived there about 12 o'clock noon. We had to change at Jamaica, and at Pearsall. We passed many lovely spots, among which were Woodhaven and Morris Park, where there were beautiful residences and grounds laid out with most perfect taste. The country was in a lovely dress of green. The waves at the beach rolled up in glorious style. We ate our sandwiches with a relish. I reclined on the sand, with my shawl wrapped around me, and my umbrella over my head, while my nephew roamed over the beach. I picked up a few shells to add to those gathered by Thompson. We noticed on our return trip, at one of the small stopping places, that the yards of some of the houses extended to the edge of the water, which was formed into a creek by the extension of a branch of the sea into the marsh, where their row-boats were waiting for use. Evidently the inhabitants were fishermen. There seemed to be miles and miles of marsh.

Thursday, June 7th.—Spent at Mrs. Warwick's.

Friday, June 8th.—Thompson and I went to Prospect Park, where we sat under the trees, and walked a little way looking at the tame deer in the enclosure, and admiring the shrubs in flower. Thompson gathered a bouquet of white clover, part of which I brought home

to dear little Mary May, who is improving, and whose life we hope will be saved.

Saturday, June 9th.—Thompson and I took the street cars to Flatbush avenue and returned in the afternoon. I went to a florist's and bought a bouquet for sister Allie's birthday, which will be to-morrow.

Sunday, June 20th.—Called at Mrs. Warwick's.

Monday, 11th June.—Thompson and I took the Flatbush avenue car to Prospect Park station, where we took a steam-car to Brighton Beach. We had to walk a long way across tracks, among rubbish and stones, and sand, to reach the beach. The tide was low, which left quite a wide stretch of sand on which people were walking. We sat on some low posts and watched the waves and the distant sail-boats and shores until a little before five P.M., when we again walked to the cars, by which we were rapidly whirled past farms, fields of daisies, pretty woodlands and quaint old houses, through two small tunnels to the city and by street cars to the hotel.

Tuesday, June 12th.—Thompson Macdonough and I, going down to the dock by street car, went on board the boat *Bishop*, and sailing past the west side of Governor's Island, having on one side a view of Brooklyn with its residences and flower-terraced grounds, docks, storehouses, Fort Hamilton in the distance and a fleet of yachts. After passing Governor's Island with its green shores, we came in view of the Jersey shore, part of it fronted by docks with ocean ships, and some of it by old and

handsome mansions surrounded by beautiful grounds extending to the water's edge. Then Staten Island, on the high ground of which were houses some in castle style, some in colonial style with wooden pillars in front. We had to walk quite a stretch of dock before we reached the street, when we took a carriage to the enclosure where Buffalo Bill—Col. William Cody—his Indians and cow-boys, gave illustrations of Western prowess in shooting and horsemanship, both of which were wonderful. Bands of several different tribes in full war costume rode and formed in a body and in line; the chief of each tribe riding alone and standing alone in front of the band. The cow-boys also showed their manner of riding, and the manner in which the pony express was managed, the dexterous and quick changing of the saddle from one pony to the next, fresh horses being ready at intervals. There were races between white or American girls and Indian girls, the former of whom proved themselves accomplished riders and one of whom was quick and true in managing the gun. There were shooting by Buffalo Bill on foot, aiming at saucers thrown in the air, and by Buffalo Bill on horseback at glass balls thrown by an Indian, also on horseback, and by cow-boys on foot. The attack and repulse of an emigrant train and the old mail coach drawn by black mules, was acted. The stealthy manner of an Indian approach was shown and their dispersal by cow-boys. The Indian war-dance was a fit enactment of the hideous reality. The Virginia reel on horseback by cow-boys and American girls was pretty, skillfully executed and graceful,

as also the wonderfully beautiful performance of a horse controlled by his girl rider ; he kept time to the music, and rose on his hind feet now and then, thus saluting the audience. The manner of hunting the buffalo was shown by pursuing a herd of tame ones with blank cartridge. The animals, among which were two baby buffaloes, seemed quite trained for the performance. The grove in which were the tents, was very beautiful. The return sail was delightful. We passed very near the famous statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and reached our hotel tired, but glad that we had seen the famed Indian tamer.

Wednesday, June 13th.—Spent the day at Mrs. Warwick's. After lunch Ada Neal, Mrs. Warwick's daughter, took me for a long drive through Prospect Park.

Sunday, June 17th.—Mary May being better, though not yet able to walk, we all took a drive of two hours to the park. P.M.—Called to ask about Mrs. Warwick, who is very ill.

Monday, June 18th.—In the morning had to go to the shops and found them very oppressive.

Tuesday, June 18th.—We started at 2 o'clock P.M., in a carriage to the ferry ; then from the ferry to the train, and after passing through a beautiful farming country, some fields of daisies delighting our eyes, we reached Asbury Park at 6 o'clock P.M.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Warm. We went down on the beach where Mary May had a play in the sand.

Thursday, June 21st.—Warm. This morning all went to the beach and rested on the sand, where we watched the waves dashing, and a few bathers in the surf. Mary May is improving rapidly in this sea air. Brother Bird's birthday.

June 28th. Thursday.—A raging storm on the Atlantic, the waves rolling on the beach in a sheet of foam as we can see, for a long stretch of coast-line. We moved from the St. James to the Oriental, but not quite liking the situation, we again moved to the Brunswick, from which we have a fine sea view and breeze. Mary May can walk and is improving. Yesterday we took a drive to Long Branch. The country was fragrant with the perfume of clover hay and wild flowers mingled with the ocean breeze, and the fields were white with daisies. We passed Sunset Lake in which were small row-boats and pretty, small round islands, around which people were rowing. Deal Lake, with its pretty beach on which row-boats were waiting for occupants, near a cunning little bower of a house where refreshments were sold and rabbits were frolicking, and where art in the shape of a curious statue of a woman in blue painted costume, held guard over some geraniums, is a pretty lake with a life-saving station on one side between the lake and the ocean, and seemed to extend, with its wooded shores, quite far into the country. I noticed a carriage road around it on one

side, and thought how enjoyable it would be to follow its windings. We crossed, by a bridge, another lake which the driver told us was Takanasse Lake. On the right, near the road-side, we passed two delightful farm-houses, one of which the driver informed us was one of the oldest in that part of the country, and one could quite imagine it a quaint and restful place for Summer, in the midst of green fields. Carriages were kept to convey the bathers to the not far distant ocean beach. Our attention was drawn to an unoccupied house, said to be 150 years old, now without dwellers. Beautiful cottages adorned the landscape. Then after a stretch of breezy country road, we came to the west end of Long Branch. Among the lovely summer dwellings of varied and attractive designs, Elberon cottage, where Garfield spent his dying hours, was pointed out to us—a very unpretentious one with plain red facings, but in full view of the sea. General Grant's cottage was also plainly finished in a kind of grey color. George W. Childs' cottage was ablaze with flowers. There were three houses where Mrs. Winslow, of soothing syrup fame, and her daughters, we are told, make their summer home. They did not seem to me quite as attractive as many of the others. Some of the houses were of black and white with greenish trimmings, but that did not seem to me as pretty as the brighter finishings. One, however, trimmed in fawn color of varied shades was neat and pretty. The stables, tastefully built and well kept, added much to the attractiveness of the grounds, many of which were gay with flowers, and

in all the eye was refreshed with well kept lawns. We drove through the Hoey Park, magnificent in dimensions, a large yellow house in the center and a lavish display of green-houses, equaling the Washington horticultural gardens. Statuary ornamented the lawns. Not far from one of the entrances a pretty railroad station was being built, thus completing the convenience of this elegant place, enabling the owner to alight almost at his own door. We then drove through Long Branch passing hotels that faced the ocean, which did not seem to us as easy of access as Asbury Park. Under the bluffs are the bathing houses and grounds, the former seeming to be of rough boards and not finished as at Asbury Park. A long pier extends into the sea, a landing-place, I suppose, for steamers. There were the usual fruit and fancy stores, some dry goods stores, and saloons and restaurants, and an elegant club-house with a profusion of flowers adding to the attraction of the building. The beautiful Hollywood Hotel formed quite a contrast to the plainer buildings, though the plain ones might have been quite as comfortable. Turning homeward after buying some fruit, we met a continual line of fine equipages, representing the style of Long Branch. Then again past the fragrant fields, stopping, however, that our little Mary May, still delicate, might be lifted out of the carriage and placed in the midst of the daisies, to pick at her own sweet will. In her cunning child-language she said that she did not like to "muss the daisies" when placed among them. Then on, now admiring the hay piled in mounds ready for storage, then repeat-

ing the charming view of cottages, gardens, woods, fields, lakes and ocean. We arrived at our hotel in time for supper, at a few minutes past six o'clock, all enchanted and benefited by the drive which brought the pink color into my little niece's cheeks, and I fancied, brightened my sister though she grew very tired, holding her sleeping daughter a part of the way. We sat on the veranda pretty late, and retired happy that we had enjoyed so beautiful a scene.

Friday, June 29th.—Another stormy, rainy day, though clearing in the afternoon. At night we were so cold that we had to sleep under blankets.

Saturday, June 30th.—Fine, clear, cold A.M., growing warmer in the afternoon and evening. We all went to the shops this morning buying toys and presents for home people. Mary May is improving, so that she can walk quite a good deal.

July 2d.—Started from Asbury Park at 1 o'clock and fifteen minutes, in the cars for New York, ferrying over from Jersey City and taking the night boat to Albany.

Some of us watched the scenery until dark. Unfortunately we could not procure sufficient sleeping room; so that we had to make the best of the night without undressing. Arriving at Albany, we stayed at the Delavan until the one o'clock train, which we took, reaching Buffalo at about 8 o'clock P.M. very tired.

July 4th.—Wednesday, at 1 o'clock, we started on the way-train, arriving at Detroit quite early in the afternoon.

We remained there until the following Tuesday when we went on the Michigan Central train, arriving at Cheboygan early in the evening, and driving to Duncan, where we have had a cool Summer, varied by trips to the Island of Mackinac, once to witness a sham battle; after which we walked across the field to the camping ground, picturesque with the white tents arranged under the protecting shadow of the fort, with dark firs for a background. Then we strolled across to Plank's hotel, on the broad piazza of which we rested. Dining at six, with the music of a fine band for accompaniment, we took a trip across the water by starlight. Again we visited the fair isle to see a yacht race, in which our Canadian neighbors won, and carried away the cup. The view from the piazza of the hotel is superb. We watched the beautiful changing colors of water and sky, with yachts and sail-boats, large and small, like white birds breasting the waves, the shore of the mainland on one side, Bois Blanc and Round Island on the other, clad in the rich green woodland garments of firs and pines, edged with a line of pebbly beach. We also overlooked the town and beach of Mackinac Island. After dinner, we watched for a while the moonlight shining with silvery rays on the water, then embarked for a moonlight ride across its depths. A few rides to the woods also somewhat broke the monotony—to the woods fragrant with cedar and hemlock, and carpeted with mosses. We brought home our treasures of autumn leaves, and the curious fungus that is attached to the old trees.

Nov. 29th. Thursday.—We spent our Thanksgiving at our brother's house, some of our party having enjoyed service at St. James church, Cheboygan.

Nov. 30th. Friday.—Cold and stormy with bleak winds. We expect next week to start upon another journey.

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